

THE WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE
IN AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION
EDITED BY THE LATE FREDERIC
CHAPMAN AND JAMES LEWIS MAY

THE
UNRISEN DAWN



LIBRARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF
ANATOLE FRANCE
IN ENGLISH

Edited by
THE LATE FREDERIC CHAPMAN
AND
JAMES LEWIS MAY

36 Volumes. Uniform, Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE
UNRISEN DAWN
SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES
BY ANATOLE FRANCE

TRANSLATED, WITH
AN INTRODUCTION
BY J. LEWIS MAY



LONDON
JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LIMITED

First Published in 1928

Printed in Great Britain by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk.

INTRODUCTION



THOUGH Anatole France was a great talker, a most engaging conversationalist, he was not by any means a fluent public speaker. With a few friends about him, in the salon of Madame de Caillavet in the Avenue Hoche, or in his own house at the Villa Saïd, he would discourse on Life and Letters and Art, with a wisdom and an illuminating grace that held his audience spellbound. But that was in private. Public speaking he did not take to at all. People who knew him in his younger days have said that, even in private—among the *Parnassiens* at Lemerre's, for example—his utterance was "*lente et embarrassée*," slow and hesitating, so hesitating as to amount almost to a stammer. But in later years, though the slowness perhaps remained, the stammer, if stammer it was—perhaps he was only seeking to discover that elusive thing the *mot juste*—had entirely disappeared.

Though I was privileged to hear him discourse to the friends he used to gather about him at the Villa Saïd, and at La Béchellerie, his country home near Tours, I only once heard him deliver a public oration, and that was in London, at the banquet given in his honour at the Savoy Hotel, in December 1913. Then, as always when he was obliged to address a public audience, he read his speech.

The gathering was a brilliant one. Almost everybody of note in the world of art and letters was there. At length Anatole France rose to speak. Slowly, without any oratorical gesture, in rich, deliberate tones, he read from the manuscript before him. I do not now recall in detail what he said. I remember that he began with some references to the greatness of the English novel—but before long he turned to a different theme, the subject of international relations, and he ended with a solemn appeal to his listeners, and to all who should later read his words, to help to preserve the peace of the world. Perhaps those who were behind the scenes, who had their fingers, so to speak, on the pulse of affairs, even then had some inkling of the coming catastrophe, but to the general run of us the political skies were clear,

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It therefore struck us as a little strange that, on this occasion, which was anything but grave in character, Anatole France should go out of his way—as it seemed to us then—to appeal to his English hearers, with an almost sad insistence, to do their utmost to preserve the peace of the world. *Travaillons de concert à la paix du monde.* Such was the reiterated burden of his speech. A few months later we had ceased to wonder, unless, indeed, it were to wonder whether on that memorable December evening we had entertained a prophet unawares.

The speeches contained in this volume deal with subjects as diverse as the co-operative restaurants, popular housing-schemes, people's universities, Turkish atrocities, colonial excesses and the inevitable Dreyfus case. The reader will also find among

them a moving panegyric of Gabriel Séailles the Positivist, and the famous allocution delivered by France at the unveiling of Renan's statue at Tréguier; and perhaps best and most valuable of all, a most enlightened and liberal appeal to annul the divorce between the Fine, and the Useful, Arts. All, even the slightest of these pronouncements, are adorned with the incommunicable magic of his style.

It may be that certain readers will occasionally find some rather hard doctrine in the speeches concerned with politics and religion. They may be tempted to wonder how a writer, whom the earnest young men of to-day tax with Pyrrhonism, with a sterile and ill-timed dilettanteism, could bring himself to indulge in language suggestive rather of the partisan than of the serene and ironic philosopher looking down unperturbedly upon the world from his Tower of Ivory. To allege, in explanation, that he did not mean what he said, would be to do him an injustice, for he was never insincere. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that orators in general, and French—or let us say Latin—orators in particular, have a heightened way of putting things in their public speeches, which they would probably shrink from employing in work intended to be read and meditated upon in the silence and solitude of the study. That "emphasis of under-statement," which Thomas Hardy praised so highly in Anatole France, is not a very suitable weapon when you wish to stir large and heterogeneous audiences to action. "In politics you're bound to take one side or the other," he once remarked to me. And "take sides" he certainly did. Nevertheless, save in the rarest instances, Anatole France's indignation was directed against ideas and systems, rather than against the

individuals professing or representing them. His anti-clericalism, for example, which seems bitter enough in these speeches, did not prevent his living on neighbourly terms with the *curé* in whose parish La Béchellerie is situated, or from regularly giving alms to a Sister of Charity, and listening, with an air of filial resignation, to the moral admonitions she considered it her duty to address to him. Nor did it prevent him, ill though he was, from rising early one morning and driving into Tours to buy a book of devotions for the trained nurse who had come to attend upon him and who, on arriving at La Béchellerie, found, to her dismay, that she had left her prayer-book behind her in Paris.

Anatole France was human, and, being human, he was not always consistent in his ideas, or at least in his expression of them; but underlying all these apparent contradictions, was the compassion he ever felt for the sufferings of the downtrodden and the helpless; the scorn, passionate yet restrained, which meanness, cruelty and injustice never failed to awaken in his heart.

Many of the questions dealt with in these speeches have long since disappeared beneath the horizon, many of the aspirations to which they gave utterance have come to nought, or seem indefinitely postponed—the progress of humanity, as he himself never wearied of reminding us, is slow and uncertain. But if the Brotherhood of Man is not yet accomplished, if the dawn of Universal Peace is still far off, let us not despair—for, as he himself has said, “Slowly but surely the human race brings the dreams of the sages to pass—*Lentement mais toujours l’humanité réalise les rêves des sages.*”

J. LEWIS MAY.

FOREWORD

BY ÉDOUARD PELLETAN, PUBLISHER OF THE FRENCH
EDITION

Paris,
1st May, 1906.



THE present volume contains a very complete collection of the various speeches and addresses delivered by Anatole France. They cover a very considerable period of time—the 29th November, 1898, to the 24th February, 1906—altogether eight years, in the course of which he was responsible for not less than forty-six speeches, orations or letters.

Not one of these admirable pronouncements has been omitted. We were unwilling to take upon us the task of making a selection, seeing that every page, even if it consists of no more than a few lines, enshrines an original idea arrestingly expressed.

A powerful reason—over and above the unqualified respect we entertain for every product of so gifted and exalted a mind—for not omitting any of these utterances is that, with the exception of a few brief sentences—and even they were not spoken carelessly—all had been pondered and written down with scrupulous care. Anatole France is not an orator. He has little taste for verbal improvisation. When he addresses the world at large, he does so pen in

hand; and so it comes about that his speeches, far from losing anything by being read, tend rather to be enriched with whatever gain may, in the process of careful reading, accrue from meditation on the thought expressed, while at the same time the author of them is enabled the more thoroughly to permeate the mind of his audience and thus the more completely to achieve the object he has in view. The process of reading does but bring out the more strongly the colour, the perfect phrasing and the winged rhythm of his diction. Inasmuch as the fire that shines in his speeches resides wholly in the substance of them, and not in the manner of their delivery, it is preserved undimmed in these pages and glows in them even as formerly it glowed in the very voice of their author.

As to the expediency of publishing these speeches, there is surely no upholder of the Republic, no lover of letters, who would call it in question. They bear the most striking testimony to the generosity of heart, the loftiness of mind, the political sagacity of one who, in days gone by, was commonly taxed with dilettanteism. Men did not know him in those days. No one recognised more thoroughly than Anatole France, when he flung himself into the thick of the Dreyfus affray, that, in the first place, the constitution of the Republic must be held sacrosanct, and, secondly, that the Republic could only play its part to the full when the proletariat was definitely incorporated into the body politic, as Auguste Comte had demanded as long ago as 1822.

Side by side with all this, Anatole France paid unwavering honour to Art and Beauty. To this, three sections in this volume bear special witness—the speeches at the banquets in honour of Eugène

Carrière and Steinlen, and the address on The Unity of Art. Nor, while we are on this theme, can we forbear to cite the masterly oration which he delivered at Tréguier,¹ a perfect example of concise historical narrative and philosophic serenity. The response of Pallas Athene, with which the speech concludes, is one of the noblest and most harmonious pages ever penned by mortal man, exceeding in beauty the wonderful *Prayer on the Acropolis* which inspired it.

It was serving the same cause, to publish in a series of books intended for the people, words which for the most part are addressed to masses. We have added, by way of bringing the written words into still stronger relief, a series of portraits, examples of serene and expressive art, by Bellery Desfontaines, Auguste Leroux and Steinlen. It is our own contribution to the education of the people, and our personal homage to those who are held up to honour in these pages.

Thus will the propaganda gain in completeness. The winds which waft away the spoken word only to make it quicken and germinate, will bear on their wings these little books as well and carry their message far and wide.

The day is at hand when we shall behold the flowering time of minds set free from bondage.

EDOUARD PELLETAN.

¹ We are indebted to Messrs. Calmann-Lévy for permission to include this speech. We offer them our grateful acknowledgments.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION: J. LEWIS MAY	v
FRENCH PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD	ix
SPEECH AT A MEETING IN HONOUR OF LIEUT.-COL. PICQUART HELD IN THE SALLE DU PRÉ-AUX- CLERCS	I
SPEECH AT A MEETING IN HONOUR OF LIEUT.-COL. PICQUART IN THE SALLE DU GRAND-ORIENT	2
ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF ÉTIENNE CHARAVAY	4
SPEECH AT THE INAUGURAL CELEBRATIONS OF "L'ÉMANCIPATION"	9
SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF "LES SOIRÉES OUVRIÈRES" OF MONTREUIL-SOUS- BOIS	15
LETTER READ AT A MEETING ORGANISED BY "LA RAISON PROLÉTARIENNE"	20
ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY, "LE RÉVEIL"	21
SPEECH AT A PERFORMANCE GIVEN AT LE THÉÂTRE CIVIQUE	25

SPEECH AT A MEETING ORGANISED IN HONOUR OF THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF GUTENBERG . . .	29
ADDRESS IN HONOUR OF DIDEROT	37
SPEECH AT THE UNVEILING OF ÉTIENNE CHARAVAY'S TOMB	41
SPEECH AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE CO-OPERATIVE RESTAURANT OF THE FIFTEENTH ARRONDISSE- MENT	43
LETTER READ AT A MEETING OF SYMPATHY WITH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARIES	45
SPEECH AT THE INAUGURAL FÊTE OF "L'ÉMANCI- PATRICE"	46
SPEECH AT THE MEETING OF THE LIGUE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME OF THE SIXTEENTH ARRONDISSE- MENT	49
SPEECH AT A FESTIVAL IN HONOUR OF VICTOR HUGO	52
SPEECH AT A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF GEORG BRANDES	58
SPEECH AT A GENERAL MEETING OF THE LIGUE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME	60
SPEECH AT AN ELECTION MEETING IN THE THIRD ARRONDISSEMENT	66
SPEECH AT A MEETING OF THE CHEAP HYGIENIC HOUSING SOCIETY	72

CONTENTS

XV

PAGE

SPEECH AT THE FUNERAL OF ÉMILE ZOLA . . .	83
SPEECH AT THE FUNERAL OF PIERRE LAFFITTE . . .	90
SPEECH ON BEHALF OF THE ARMENIANS . . .	96
SPEECH DELIVERED IN ROME ON BEHALF OF THE ARMENIANS	98
SPEECH AT THE COMICE DE ROME IN FAVOUR OF THE ARMENIANS	103
SPEECH AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF ERNEST RENAN	108
SPEECH AT A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF STEINLEN . . .	134
LETTER READ AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS IN LONDON IN FAVOUR OF THE ARMENIANS . . .	138
LETTER READ AT A MEETING IN HONOUR OF ÉMILE ZOLA	140
SPEECH AT A MEETING ORGANISED BY THE FRENCH SOCIALIST PARTY	143
SPEECH AT A MEETING ORGANISED BY THE LIGUE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME FOR THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE	164
LETTER READ AT A BANQUET TO EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE . . .	176
SPEECH AT THE FIRST MEETING ON BEHALF OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE	179

	PAGE
SPEECH AT THE SECOND MEETING ON BEHALF OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE	185
SPEECH AT THE THIRD MEETING ON BEHALF OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE	190
SPEECH AT A PACIFICIST MEETING ORGANISED BY A GROUP OF ARTISTS	196
SPEECH AT A MEETING OF "THE FRIENDS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE"	203
SPEECH AT A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF ARISTIDE BRIAND	208
LETTER READ AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO PIERRE LAFFITTE	210
LETTER READ AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE FREE-THOUGHT CONGRESS	214
SPEECH AT A MEETING OF PROTEST AGAINST THE RUSSIAN MASSACRES	216
LETTER READ AT AN ANTI-MILITARIST TRIAL	223
SPEECH ON THE OCCASION OF THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF "J'ACCUSE !"	225
SPEECH AT A MEETING HELD IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE	232
SPEECH AT A MEETING OF PROTEST AGAINST COLONIAL MISGOVERNMENT	239

CONTENTS

xvii

PAGE

SPEECH AT A MEETING IN FAVOUR OF A TEACHERS' UNION	246
TELEGRAM READ AT THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, LONDON	252
SPEECH AT A MEETING IN HONOUR OF THÉOPHILO BRAGA	253

THE UNRISEN DAWN

Slowly, but surely, the human race brings the dreams of
the sages to pass

A MEETING

ORGANISED BY THE PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY IN THE HALL OF
LE PRÉ-AUX-CLERCS.¹



CITOYENS, a truce to vain words. The time has come to act. Let us not go hence till we have sworn to rescue Colonel Picquart from the selfish hatred of Mercier and Boisdeffre, from the calamitous incompetence of Zurlinden, from the base and tortuous machinations of Félix Faure, from the cunning and ruthless conspiracies of all the criminals of the General Staff who have sworn to ruin the man who heroically denounced their crimes.

Citoyens, let us not depart till we have solemnly vowed to strive, with all our influence and all our strength, to put an end to the system of trial by court-martial.

¹ On Monday, the 28th November, 1898, a meeting organised by the Professors and Students of the University was held in the Hall of le Pré-aux-Clercs, under the chairmanship of M. Duclaux, who was supported by MM. Anatole France and Paul Reclus. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved to elect as Honorary President Colonel Picquart, who was then incarcerated in the Cherche-Midi prison.

Before the meeting broke up, M. Anatole France spoke the brief words here quoted.

AN ALLOCUTION

DELIVERED AT A GREAT MEETING HELD IN HONOUR
OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PICQUART ON THE
3RD DECEMBER, 1898.¹



CITIZYENS, we are here to demand full and public reparation for the iniquities that have been perpetrated, and to see to it, so far as in us lies, that no further crimes shall be committed. What power have we to achieve our aim? The gentlest and most unconquerable of all, the power of reason. Might will be ours, for Right is on our side.

Félix Faure, Billot and the whey-faced Méline were fain to hide the crime wrought by Mercier, in impenetrable darkness, and to envelop their victim in the silence of the tomb. To no avail! Even when they held their peace, their lie was patent to the world.

Then came Cavaignac to shed a light on the infamy of the General Staff. He revealed it unwittingly, for his eyes were blinded with pride, arrogance, and ambition. He revealed it by the very effrontery of his denials. A ludicrous fellow, who would be judge and felon in one, a sinister

¹ This meeting was held in the Hall of the Grand-Orient. Monsieur Duclaux was in the Chair, supported by MM. Anatole France and Paul Reclus.

Gribouille who, quaking at the paltry thunderbolts the malefactors threatened to hurl at him, plunges headlong into their cesspool of crime.

And even now Cavaignac will not avow himself a dupe, Mercier and his accomplices will not confess their crime. They are hatching new lies and meditating fresh delinquencies. But all in vain. The eyes of the people are opened and the public conscience is awake. The dawn is at hand.

And we, Citoyens, gathered here to defend the right, we shall utter none but words of Justice and of Reason, but we shall utter them with a voice of thunder!

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF ÉTIENNE CHARAVAY
AT THE CEMETERY OF MONTPARNASSE ON THE
6TH OCTOBER, 1899.



ENTLEMEN, it does not fall to my lot to say over again all the things that have been said by those so well qualified to utter them.¹ It will not be my task to tell you yet once more the story of Étienne Charavay's life, a life so full of kindness, so abounding in good works, so rich with the fruits of labour. I just wish to say good-bye to my oldest friend, that is all. This duty I would fain perform with thoughts unuttered, rather than with the spoken word, and my grief disposes me to silence. Nevertheless, I must speak. It behoves me to pay my tribute to his memory.

I, who knew him so well, can only say, and say it I must, "He was an excellent man."

He seems nearer to me, nearer to me than ever, now that he is dead, the man who was my companion for so many years. As I look back over the past, I find him at every turn in my life and in his

¹ MM. Étienne Jacquin, Émile Javal, Gaston Raynaud, Herbert, Paul Beurdeley, Jules Claretie, Jules Guiffrey and Adrien Duvand had spoken before M. Anatole France.

own, from our childhood days down to the threshold of old age. And lo, how I confound and intermingle in my sorrowing remembrance the various aspects he successively bore for over half a century, from the round and rosy features of the child down to the white hair with which advancing years endowed him, and which framed so happily his cheerful, honest countenance.

And upon that countenance I behold the same merry, expressive eyes, the same kindly smile, the same air of delicacy and kindness, the same youthfulness of spirit that I always knew. The reason for that is that Étienne Charavay never changed. His ideas, his faculties developed steadily and uninterruptedly. His life flowed on like a stream that broadens insensibly and, throughout its course, retains the limpidity of the source from which it springs.

Coming of good Lyons stock, hard-working, warm-hearted folk who, despite divergent convictions in politics and religion, were united in the closest ties of affection, Étienne Charavay, on emerging from childhood, found himself the head of the family. He was the mainstay of the household, and he discharged his weighty responsibilities with that cheerful kindness which rendered his character so attractive. Those of you who enjoyed his acquaintance round about 1868 know with what youthful grace he fulfilled his patriarchal rôle.

He might have been content with carrying on his autograph business, which, at the point to which his father had brought it, had become almost one of the learned sciences. But his intellectual activity was such as to carry him far beyond these limits. He had an inborn passion for historical research.

His knowledge of the classics was very thorough and the École des Chartes had grounded him well and set him on the way he should go. He employed his time so thoroughly and to such good purpose that, while continuing to work with a will for those who were dependent on him, he contrived to enrich his career with scholarly attainments and to carry on those historical studies which require such quiet zeal and disinterested determination for their successful pursuit. He published in particular some notable essays in the *Révolution française*, a review to which he was drawn by his love of history and his republican sympathies. He leaves behind him, as a monument—albeit incomplete—of his labours, the voluminous *Correspondance de Carnot*. It was during the Presidency of the Conventional's grandson that he began this vast undertaking. I heard him make a statement at this period in his career which I should like to recall, as it is typical of the man. Someone having inquired of him whether the President of the Republic would not be just as well pleased if some portions of his grandfather's letters were suppressed, Charavay answered, "I will abandon my task altogether rather than leave out a single line." He was not given to harshness, far from it; he was as accommodating as possible. But he was an honest man who did not believe in tampering with texts.

He applied himself with great assiduity to all his undertakings. He always took his work seriously. He displayed a modest pride in doing a thing well. In his historical publications, in the researches which he undertook so readily for his friends, in the investigations which he pursued for his own instruction, he displayed that passion for accuracy which,

when we consider the motives which actuated him and the attentiveness with which he worked, must be regarded as an index of intellectual probity.

This good faith, which was the very texture of his life, was made manifest in the last public action it was granted him to perform. You have just listened to a moving account of that honourable deed. I need not therefore here recount again how, when called as a handwriting expert in the famous trial which stirred France and the whole world to their depths, Charavay, with his habitual conscientiousness, expressed an opinion which subsequently, in the light of further damaging evidence that was brought forward, it seemed no longer possible to sustain. You all know the undeviating honesty, the noble sincerity with which he acknowledged his mistake. You know too with what sorrowful disdain he repelled the insinuations of slanderous tongues.

Those who saw him later on will tell you how, though ill and liable to die at any moment, he retained his habitual cheerfulness and calm, and tasted the sweets of duty well performed.

Calm and cheerful as he was by nature and by inclination, his life was not exempt from troubles. He never consoled himself for the death of his son, whose life he had always regarded as the necessary corollary to his own. Nevertheless he enjoyed his share of earthly happiness. I say this to his honour, for his happiness was the fruit of his wisdom and his good nature. Industrious and upright, he was the architect of his own fortune, and he built it up on a firm and modest scale. He founded it not on wealth that vanishes and deceives, not on gain and lucre; he established it rather in loyalty of heart, in

devotion to his family, in the hallowed ties of friendship, in love of letters and of the common weal. And he had the joy of a quiet conscience.

Farewell, my friend. Your memory is as sweet to me as your loss is cruel.

ALLOCUTION

DELIVERED AT THE INAUGURAL CELEBRATIONS OF
“ L'ÉMANCIPATION ” ON THE 21ST NOVEMBER, 1899



CITOYENNES and Citoyens, the association which we are here to inaugurate to-day is formed for the purpose of study. It consists of men who are gathered together in order to think in common. It is your aim to acquire knowledge which shall give accuracy and scope to your ideas, and thus endow you with the only true riches—the riches that are within. You would fain learn in order that you may understand and remember, unlike the sons of the rich, who only study in order to pass examinations and who, when once they have fulfilled that necessity, are prompt to disencumber their minds of the things they have learnt, as of so much useless furniture. Your aims are higher, your views less narrow. And as you propose to address yourself to the task of your own development, you will seek to find and make your own, whatsoever things are instinct with real worth and invested with real beauty.

The departments of knowledge which count in life are not exclusively concerned with the arts and crafts. Necessary as it is that every man should be master of his trade, should know his business, it is well that each of us should seek to acquaint himself

with the laws of nature that moulded us and of the social conditions amid which we live. Whatever the rank or status we may occupy in relation to our fellows, we are, first and foremost, men, and it intimately concerns us to know the conditions that govern human life. We are fettered to the earth on which we dwell and to the social conditions amid which we live, and it is by investigating the causes of our servitude that we may be led to discover the means of rendering it gentler and more easy to sustain. It is because the great physical laws which govern the universe have been brought to light gradually, and after long delays, and because the knowledge of them was for a long time confined to the few, that a barbarous moral code, based on a false interpretation of the phenomena of nature, succeeded in imposing itself on the great mass of mankind and in making them slaves to practices as stupid as they were cruel.

Do you suppose, Citoyens, that if, for example, the philosophers had been earlier acquainted with the true position of the terrestrial globe, if they had been able to picture it as revolving in company with its other sister worlds, round about a sun which itself is rolling on in an infinity of space peopled with a host of other suns, themselves the burning and luminous parents of a multitude of other worlds—do you suppose, I say, that if in ancient times a large number of men had possessed this enlightened idea of the universe and had pondered sufficiently on its implications, it would have been possible to scare them into the belief that beneath the Earth there exists a Hell inhabited by a horde of devils? Science it is that emancipates us from these vain terrors, which I am quite sure you have banished from your

minds. And do you not perceive that you will derive from the study of nature a whole multitude of moral consequences that will impart certitude and tranquillity to your philosophic outlook?

No less profitable is the knowledge of man himself. By following the transformations man has undergone since the days when he went about naked, armed with a flint-headed spear, making his home in caves, down to this present age of steam and electrically driven machinery, you will embrace the principal stages in the evolution of our race.

A knowledge of the progress accomplished in the past will enable you to presage, to advance towards, achievements to be wrought in the times to come. Perhaps your predilection will lead you to confine your attention to times not far distant from our own and to seek to discover in the recent past the origins of society as it exists to-day. Therein too, therein especially, your studies will richly repay the time and effort bestowed on them. By tracing the various causes that led to the formation and growth of capitalist power you will be better able to form an idea of the means necessary to dominate it, after the manner of the great inventors who were only able to subjugate nature after making it the subject of patient investigation.

You will judge the facts fairly, with free unbiassed minds untrammelled by prejudice and without fear or favour. The genuine scientists—and I note that some deserving that name are here to-night—will tell you that Science is determined to preserve her liberty and independence, and that she will not brook the interference of any foreign power. Does this mean that the researches to which you address your energies are to be directed along no

particular channel, are to have no definite end in view? Not at all. You are embarking on an adventure in the realm of ideas, but it is no vague or shadowy enterprise; it is immense, but none the less clearly defined. The undertaking which you propose to yourselves is that all should work together for the mutual development of the moral and intellectual nature of each, so that you may become more sure of yourselves, more conscious of your own strength, as a result of a more perfect knowledge of the necessities governing man's existence on this planet, and of the particular conditions to which we have to conform in the present stage of social evolution. Your association is founded to encourage you to help one another to think and to reflect, seeing that the privileged classes have ceased to trouble about such things, and thus to ensure you a share in the working out of a new and better order of things, inasmuch as, despite the power of brute force, it is the influence of thought which guides the world, even as, amid the raging tempest, the compass directs the vessel on her course.

Your association will seek to make its own whatever is useful in the field of science. It will also display to you the things in the realm of Art most pleasurable to contemplate. Do not, in your scheme of study, hesitate to mingle the useful with the beautiful. How, indeed, can they be sundered, if we have a modicum of philosophy in our composition? How shall we take it upon ourselves to say precisely where the useful ends and the beautiful begins? A song, for example. Does a song serve no useful end, fulfil no useful purpose? The *Marseillaise* and the *Carmagnole* have overthrown the armies of Kings and Emperors. Is there no use in a

smile? Is it a small thing to give pleasure, and to charm?

You will sometimes hear moralists descanting on the vanity of the pleasures of life. Do not heed them. A long religious tradition, the burden of which is still heavy upon us, teaches us that privation, suffering and pain are things to be desired, and that voluntary privation is specially meritorious. What an imposture! It has been by proclaiming to the masses that they must suffer in this world if they would be happy in the next, that an abject acquiescence in all manner of injustice and oppression has been brought about. Let us turn a deaf ear to the priests who would impress upon us that suffering is an excellent thing. It is happiness that is good for us.

Our instincts, our physical and moral nature, our whole being, all alike counsel us to look for our happiness here on earth. Happiness is difficult enough to meet with. Let us not wilfully run away from it. Let us not be afraid of joy; and when an exquisite form or a smiling mood invites us to taste of pleasure, let us not pass it by. Such is the lesson this society of yours would inculcate. It proffers to you things and ideas that are useful, and things that are beautiful and useful too. It will make you acquainted with the great poets: Racine, Corneille, Molière, Victor Hugo, Shakespeare. Nourished on such food, your minds will grow in strength and beauty.

And high time it is, Citoyens, that your power should be realised, and that your will, taking clearer and more beautiful shape, should assert itself in order to set up a little of the spirit of reason and equity in a world which has ceased to yield obedience save

to the promptings of selfishness and fear. Recent events have shown us how incapable are the middle-classes and their leaders to guarantee us justice. I speak not of ideal justice, the justice of the future, but merely of the old, halting justice, the legacy of the rude, untutored past. Fools that they are, they, in their folly, have dealt it, their shield, a mortal blow. We have seen them glorying in their lies, endeavouring to set up the most brutal of tyrannies, and seeking publicly to kindle in men's hearts the flames of civil war and hatred of their fellows.

It is for you, Citoyens, for you, the workers, to lift up your minds and hearts, and to prepare yourselves, by study and reflection, for the advent of social justice and universal peace.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE
" SOIRÉES OUVRIÈRES " OF MONTREUIL-SOUS-BOIS
ON THE 7TH JANUARY, 1900



ITOYENS, you recognised that ignorance was the narrowest of servitudes and you made up your minds to cast it off. Realising that man can do nothing when he knows nothing, and that he is immured in his stupidity as in a dark prison, you sought to pierce the black wall. That attempt you made of your own accord, without help, without succour, alone, and you have succeeded. After four years of effort, you have rallied round you so many friends that you have found it necessary to enlarge your premises even as you enlarged your minds. Your work is living and growing. You have given it a name which is at once the simplest and most admirable of designations. You have called your gatherings " Soirées d'études après le travail "—Nights of study after days of toil.

The name is noble because it denotes a noble thing. After labour, study. There you have something that tells of strength of will, something that lets men see what you are worth in heart and mind. Study is plain sailing enough if you have all your time to devote to it; it is truly an attractive

occupation when it is our only one. But to devote ourselves to study after hours of strenuous work, after bearing the heavy burden of a day of toil, that is a fine thing, that is courage indeed!

You have made that effort, you have shown that courage, Citoyens, and you have carried out your undertaking with equal skill and valiance. The method you adopted for teaching yourselves is excellent. You began by seeking to discover, with nothing to aid you but books, the position occupied by this planet of ours in the universe as a whole, and you have cast your eyes round upon the worlds scattered through illimitable space. By rending asunder the theological firmament, you destroyed, at a blow, a host of ancient superstitions. After a year spent in investigating the relative position of our world amid the multitude of worlds surrounding it, you spent another year in studying the formation of the earth. You beheld life uprising, like Venus of old, from the warm foam of primeval seas. Life in those far-off ages manifested itself in rudimentary organisms which, after successive transformations, have at last resulted in the flora and fauna that we know to-day. You followed, link by link, the long chain of living creatures, starting with the molluscs and fishes, and ending with the higher mammals, and, finally, with Man. There again you have substituted for theological conceptions founded on childish fables, a theory of human origins based on experimental science. You have seen how halting and hesitant were man's beginnings. You have dwelt with wonder and admiration on the slow and ceaseless efforts whereby our species, so abject in its origin, at length gave birth to Philosophy, to the

Arts and to Ideal Beauty. This wide survey of the illimitable past has brought you the better to understand how much there still remains for us to do before we completely emerge from primeval barbarism and set up on earth, in succession to bestial rule, which is the rule of war, the human rule, the rule of justice. Yet a third year you set apart for the study of anatomy. I am told that you took a lively interest in studying the bodily organs and their functions. I am not surprised at it, and I am glad, for it was ignorance of the conditions of organic life that, in the long succession of bygone ages, gave rise to barbarous principles and cruel practices which, even now, have not entirely disappeared.

And now, and not until now, after these three years of continuous and methodical research, you have had recourse to the aid of qualified teachers and given hearing to regular lecturers who have dealt with divers points in the fields of Science and History. I have been present at one of them, and it gave me no less pleasure to note the manner in which Mademoiselle Baertschi unfolded to you the circumstances of the Fall of the Bastille than it did to observe the attention with which you listened to her and the pertinent remarks to which, in accordance with your custom, you gave expression after the lecture.

It is my duty to congratulate you, Citoyens, on the energy with which you have addressed yourselves to your civilising task, and on the methodical manner in which you have pursued it. It is also my duty to commend the caution which has led you to guard against drawing too hasty conclusions from your studies, and against being hurried into making rash

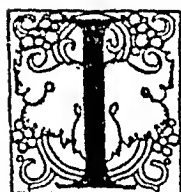
applications based on your early advances into the scientific field. You have preferred to remain in the untroubled regions of philosophic reflection. That is essentially wise. But if it is an outrage upon science to drag it into the restless domain of social life, it equally argues a misconception of its sovereign power not to derive from it our rules of life and our principles of action. Bear in mind, Citoyens, that we are living in times when social conditions are, as a whole, still governed by beliefs and prejudices which are not only outside science, but directly opposed to it, that it behoves us to replace the theological by the scientific régime in every department of human activity, and that your task, so ardently begun, would be rendered vain unless you made your conduct, private or public, conform to the conception of nature which the careful and unprejudiced study of it had led you to form. Bear in mind that, at the present moment, this very science which you love, and which arms you with such great resources, is assailed by a countless host of reactionary spirits led by a band of fanatical monks. Bear in mind that the spirit of theocracy is at this moment furiously attacking the spirit of free inquiry; that it is time to look to the defence of our liberties and of the Republic, which is their only safeguard, and that, in the words of the *Marseillaise*, it is ourselves whom it threatens to thrust back once more into the ancient bondage.

We should be traitors to science if we did not, with all possible despatch, apply its teachings to the regulation of social life. Science teaches us to make war on fanaticism in all its forms; it bids us build for ourselves our ideal of justice without borrowing our materials from erroneous systems or the

traditions of a barbarous past. Science, in a word, bids us defend, as the dearest thing we possess, our threatened liberty. You have paid her too noble a devotion, Citoyens, not to hearken to her voice.

A LETTER

READ AT A MEETING ¹ ORGANISED BY "LA RAISON
PROLETARIENNE" IN THE HALL OF THE RUE BLOMET
ON THE 25TH FEBRUARY, 1900



SINCERELY regret my inability, Citoyens, to be with you this evening, assembled as you are in the cause of human kindness, justice and pity.

You are asking for pardon on behalf of some unhappy children. May your voices not fall upon deaf ears.

Fraternal Greetings,

ANATOLE FRANCE.

¹ On behalf of the young folk implicated in the affair of the Église Saint-Joseph.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING FESTIVAL OF THE
PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY "LE RÉVEIL" (THE AWAKEN-
ING) IN THE FIRST AND SECOND ARRONDISSEMENTS,
ON THE 4TH MARCH, 1900



CITOYENS, pursuing, in the face of all obstacles, their onward march towards the conquest of public power and social influence, the masses have recognised the need for making science their own and for possessing themselves of the powerful weapon of intellectual culture.

Throughout the country, in Paris and in the provinces, there are springing up and multiplying these popular universities whose destiny it is to spread abroad among the workers those intellectual riches that were for so long the monopoly of the bourgeois classes.

Your association, *Le Réveil*, of the First and Second Arrondissements is throwing itself into this great enterprise with eager generosity and a perfect understanding of the realities of the situation. You have realised that nothing profitable is to be achieved save under the illumination of science. And what in fact do we mean by science? Mechanics, physics, physiology, biology—what are all these things but the knowledge of nature and of man, or, more precisely, the knowledge of man's relations with nature, of the very conditions of life? You

perceive that it is of immense importance for us to know the conditions of life, in order that we may submit only to such as are necessary, and not to the arbitrary, and often humiliating and painful, conditions which ignorance and error have imposed upon us. The natural exigencies which result from the constitution of our planet and from the functions of our organs are sufficiently strict and imperious to warrant us in seeking to avoid the addition of purely arbitrary restrictions. Enlightened by science, we bow to the nature of things, but this immemorial submission marks the limit of our obedience.

Ignorance is hateful mainly because it feeds the prejudices which hinder us in the accomplishment of our real duties, by laying upon us spurious ones which are not only irksome but often injurious and cruel; so that we see good men under the dominion of ignorance, behaving like criminals, from a mistaken sense of duty. The history of religion supplies us with innumerable examples: human sacrifice, religious wars, persecutions, butcheries, monastic vows, execrable practices to be ascribed, not so much to the wickedness of men as to their insanity. If we reflect upon the sufferings which, from the time of the cave-dwellers to our own still barbarous days, have weighed upon man's unhappy race, we almost invariably discover the cause thereof in a faulty interpretation of nature and in one or other of those theological doctrines which would lay bare the riddle of the universe by a teaching as forbidding as it is stupid. Bad science is the parent of bad ethics, and it explains sufficiently why, for generation upon generation, men were born, and lived and died, in the depths of suffering and desolation.

In their long childhood, the races of the world were enslaved by the phantoms of terror which they themselves had created. And now if we, the men and women of to-day, are at length passing beyond the frontiers of theological darkness, we are not yet completely clear of them. Or, to express it differently, while, in the slow and irregular progress of the human race, the head of the caravan has already reached the sunlit realms of science, the rest is still dragging wearily along beneath the lowering clouds of superstition in darkling regions full of larvæ and spectres.

Ah, you do well, Citoyens, to take the head of the caravan. You do well to seek the light, to take counsel of science. I know that you have not many hours at night, after your hard day's work—not many hours in which to put your questions to science—science, who vouchsafes such tardy replies to the questions we ask of her, and who, one after another with unhurrying deliberation, yields up her innumerable secrets. We must make up our minds, every one of us, that we shall win from her only fragments of the truth. But in science we must bethink ourselves of the method not less than of the results. Of the latter you will take as much as you can. The method is even more valuable than the results, for it has produced them all, and will produce countless others in the future. The method, then, you will know how to make your own, and it will teach you how to retain your mental poise, to hold safely on your way through the long and difficult researches on which it may be profitable for you to embark.

Citoyens, the name you have given to your University shows clearly enough that you feel the time is come for thoughtful vigilance. You have

called it *Le Réveil* doubtless because you deem it time to sound the reveille, time to banish the phantoms of the night, to stand erect and watchful, ready to defend the rights of the intellect against the enemies of philosophical enlightenment, against the enemies of the Republic, against those strange liberals who only clamour for liberty in order to put it in shackles.

It is my privilege to proclaim the merits of the work to which you have set your hand and to congratulate you on your enterprise.

I have done so with delight and in as few words as possible. I should have regarded myself as doing you a serious disservice had I kept you, were it but a moment, from the joy that will be yours in listening to the noble words of Jaurès.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT A PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY THE
THÉÂTRE CIVIQUE AT THE PORTE SAINT-MARTIN
ON THE 14TH APRIL, 1900



CITOYENNES, Citoyens, if I take my place as a speaker, it is but to yield it up to Jaurès. I am no less eager than yourselves to hear his words. He is going to talk to us about the part played by Art in the progress of democracy, and it is a subject which could not fail to engage the attention of a mind like his, deeply preoccupied as it is with Justice and with Beauty. A thread, delicate and sometimes all but evanescent, seemingly frail yet never broken, subtle yet strong, unites the idea of justice and the idea of beauty. It is from the inward constitution, the hidden heart of a society, that flow the influences which result in artistic expansion, even as the sap which nourishes the trunk and branches of the tree gives to the leaves their freshness and to the flowers their beauty. But before you give ear to this moving voice and to the lofty ideas to which it will give utterance, this voice which will make known to us the deep underlying harmonies which indissolubly connect the crest with the roots of the social tree, I propose, if you will so permit me, briefly to prepare your minds for a conception of what, in its unity

and in its plenitude, is implied in the idea of Art. It may, indeed, be not unprofitable to illumine for you, as in a flash, the field of art in its entirety and to bring before your mental vision a view of the whole of what we have for so long been invited to contemplate in an imperfect and mutilated picture. It has been attempted to cleave art in twain, to divide it into two separate trunks which cannot really live apart, to call one of them high and one of them low, to talk of the Fine Arts and the Useful or Industrial Arts, by which we are doubtless to understand that these latter, being too closely engaged with material, everyday things, could never attain to the regions of pure beauty. As if beauty could exist by itself, as if it was not necessarily governed and regulated by material considerations, as if it did not find in matter its sole means of expression! The pretended distinction is based on a false idea of caste, an inequality as unjust in its conception as it is unhappy in its effects, like so many other inequalities artificially introduced into the world, without any cause or justification in nature. This severance was, in practice, not less injurious to the arts which were described as high, than to those that were assigned a humbler position. For if the useful arts were impoverished and degraded by it, if they descended from the graceful heights of art to the base levels of luxury, and lost, even momentarily, the desire and the consciousness of adding beauty to the things necessary to our daily lives, the Fine Arts in their turn, being set apart in a privileged position, were exposed to the dangers that necessarily attend isolation and were threatened with the fate which always overtakes the privileged few, and which is nothing less than to live a life as pretentious as it is

vain. And so the world was threatened with these two monstrosities: the artist that was no craftsman, and the craftsman that was no artist.

Let us then, Citoyens, end this unnatural divorce, let us cast down this perverse barrier, and let us bring our minds to bear on the invisible unity of art in the infinite diversity of its manifestations. No! There are not two kinds of art, the industrial and the fine. There is but one kind, one art, which is compounded alike of industry and of beauty, an art whose mission it is to give a charm to life by surrounding it with beautiful forms, with things which are material vehicles of beautiful thoughts. The artist and the craftsman are alike engaged on the same ennobling task. It is their common task to make the human habitation a thing to charm the eye and captivate the heart, and to lend to house and city and garden an air of dignity and grace.

They are alike in the functions they are called upon to perform. They are collaborators in the same task. The work of the goldsmith, the potter, the enameller, the metal-worker, the cabinet-maker, the gardener belongs to the Fine Arts no less than that of the painter, the sculptor and the architect, unless, indeed, it be held that Benvenuto Cellini the goldsmith, Palissy the potter, Penicaud the enameller, Briot the metal-worker, Boule the cabinet-maker, and Le Notre the gardener, to limit our examples to men of the past, did not accomplish works of art entitled to be called "fine." But this is not your idea. You, Citoyens, consider that the craftsman who moulds his cup in loveliness or fills his enamel with living light is a worthy colleague of the artist who conceives the form of a statue or harmonises the tones of a picture.

Come then, all you by whose labour the things of daily use put on the garb of beauty, come in one harmonious throng, engravers and lithographers, modellers in metal, in plaster and in clay, type-founders and typographers, printers of stuffs and printers of books, decorative painters, jewellers, goldsmiths, potters, glass-workers, broiderers, carpet weavers, leather-workers, binders, craftsmen and artists, all ye who soothe the mind and solace the heart, who fill us with the joy of lovely forms and smiling colours, come, benefactors of mankind, come in the company of painters, sculptors and architects and, with them, hand in hand, fare onward towards the City of the Future.

That City bids us hope that we shall find within her gates a purer justice and a saner joy. Labour in her and for her. Of a society happier and more equitable than our own there will perhaps some day be born a nobler and more gracious art. Artists and craftsmen, craftsmen and artists, be ye brothers and allies. In the bond of unity pursue your studies and your meditations. Share, with mutual generosity, the harvest of your dreams and your experiences. Be ye a host, a thousand thousand strong, craftsmen and idealists one and all, and labour in concord and in peace.

And now I call upon Jean Jaurès.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATIONS HELD TO
COMMEMORATE THE FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF GUTENBERG, ON THE 24th JUNE, 1900



CITIZYENS, we look on it as a point of honour to take our part in the celebrations held in the cities of Strasburg and Mainz to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg.

It has seemed to me appropriate to an occasion such as the present to put before you as complete and accurate a survey as possible of the great inventor's work. It is a subject in which you are all interested and with which you are all acquainted, for you also are the industrious successors of Ulrich Gering and Martin Crantz. This being so, I am dispensed from the necessity of making any preliminary or introductory remarks, and am free to address myself forthwith to a detailed consideration of the facts and circumstances of the matter.

John, the son of Friede Gensfleisch and Elsa de Gutenberg, was born at Mainz somewhere about the year 1400. He adopted his mother's surname, a name on which he was destined to shed so great a lustre. Belonging, as he did, to a patrician family, he abandoned his native city in 1420, after the popular party had asserted their supremacy.

What his fortunes were during the first thirteen

years of his exile which, after the amnesty of 1431, was of a voluntary character, is hidden from us. But we do know that he was living in Strasburg in 1434, for we hear of him at that time as making urgent representations regarding certain monies which the municipal authorities of Mainz were very behind-hand in paying him.

He was then at work, or at all events about to begin work, on an invention of which, as being a secret of his craft, he refused to make known any details. In those days it would have been no easy thing to find a workshop which could not boast more than one important secret of its own, secrets which apprentices and staff swore solemnly on the Gospel loyally to maintain inviolate. We may take it that his experiments were rewarded with success, for he sought the co-operation of partners to exploit his secret process. To this end he entered into a covenant with one Hans Riffe, who furnished him with funds and was to receive in return one-third of the profits. In no long time, the terms of this agreement had to be modified, for two fresh associates, Andrew Dritzchen and Andrew Heilmann, were taken into the business, and the anticipated profits had in consequence to be divided among four. It had been hoped that the proceeds expected to result from the sale of the secret would have been realised at a Fair which, it had been given out, was to be held at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1439.

But the holding of this great market was postponed till the following year, with the result that the calculations of the parties who had put down the money were rather seriously disconcerted. Moreover Andrew Heilmann and Andrew Dritzchen thought they had reason to suspect Gutenberg of

withholding from them some portions of his secret. They consequently withdrew from the partnership. But, subsequently, on receiving his assurance that he would keep nothing from them, they entered into a fresh covenant and again set to work together. Next, death overtook Andrew Dritzchen, and he seems to have died in harness. His place in the partnership was claimed by his brothers, who succeeded to his estate, but on Gutenberg's refusing to admit them, they brought an action against him in 1439 and lost the day. It was now too late to bring off the business at the Fair, and the whole project fell through. What, it will be asked, was Gutenberg's secret? Certain words let fall by the witnesses and the judges in the action at law throw some light on it. Mention was made, on that occasion, of "moulds" of "lead" and of a "press" and of things needed for "pressing" (*trucken*). We may suppose, since the matter concerned an invention of Gutenberg's, that the press and the moulds and the lead were designed for the printing of books, and that the secret had to do with the printer's art. True, one of the witnesses declared that the secret had reference to the manufacture of mirrors. But the bibliophile Jacob ingeniously suggests that the mirror referred to by the witness in question was the *Mirror of Salvation* (*Speculum humanæ salvationis*), a popular devotional work of the day, which might be expected to have a ready sale at the Fair of Aix-la-Chapelle. If the bibliophile's conjecture is well founded, it follows that Gutenberg was at work on his great invention before the year 1439. We now lose sight of him altogether, to discover him nine years later at Mainz, borrowing fifty florins on a note of hand.

In his anxiety to give concrete shape to his conceptions, he involved himself in heavy expenditure, and lack of sufficient funds involved him in many hardships. In 1450 he entered into an agreement with one John Fust, a goldsmith by trade. The following were its provisions: John Fust and John Gutenberg were to enter into partnership for five years. John Fust lent Gutenberg a lump sum of eight hundred florins at six per cent. on the security of the plant, and agreed to make thereafter an annual payment of three hundred florins towards working expenses, wages, rent, heating, parchment, paper, ink, etc., in exchange for which he was to receive a share of the profits. But the initial expenses exceeding the estimates, Gutenberg, in 1452, found himself obliged to make fresh terms with the lender. The latter agreed to forgo the interest provided for in the original contract, and paid down, then and there, a sum of eight hundred florins, with a proviso to the effect that he should be released from the obligation of making the annual payments previously agreed upon. The task was beset with difficulties. "The imperfection of the letters," says M. A. Keufer, "their unevenness, a defective press, which was in fact a sort of wine-press, seriously handicapped the efforts of Gutenberg and Fust. One of the workmen employed by the latter, Pierre Schoeffer of Gernsheim, thought out a process for setting up the type, and for giving it a geometrical form, and finally this same Schoeffer discovered a means of shaping the stamps. Hence a greater variety of letters, and an added facility and perfection of workmanship." Thus Gutenberg was enabled to apply his secret to the printing of books. But as he did not put his name to them, it is impossible to identify them all

with certainty. He certainly produced a Bible—no doubt is possible on that score; and it is believed to be the great tome of 1282 pages and 42 lines, with two columns to the page, commonly known as the Mazarine Bible. It is a book of great beauty, and it could have only been produced by a very skilful workman furnished with excellent tools.

At this period Pope Nicholas V was granting plenary indulgences to all the faithful who should give pecuniary aid to the King of Cyprus in his crusade against the Turks. Nicholas V was a sound humanist and an excellent bibliophile. He did not neglect the lucrative exercise of the power of the keys, but the fruits thereof were not wholly devoted to the maintenance of the Christian armies, a portion being kept back by His Holiness for defraying the cost of choicely illuminated manuscripts. Now a collector of the monies paid by the faithful in exchange for plenary indulgences, one Paulinius Chappe by name, chanced to find himself about this time at Mainz. Having observed and noted that John Gutenberg was engaged in practising the art of printing, it came into his mind to get him to print letters of indulgence, which were distributed for valuable consideration. The worthy folk who purchased them could read therein that all the pains and penalties attaching to their sins would be remitted in this world and in the next—provided of course that they confessed and duly repented. Gutenberg published two issues of letters of indulgence. And his type is also to be seen in several “Donats” as they were called. The grammar composed in the fourth century by Ælius Donatus was the first book to be put into the hands of little school urchins. They had to begin with the *Ars grammatica*. Hence the expression “The

devils were still at their 'Donats.' " There was naturally an extensive demand for these books. Before the invention of movable type, "Donats" were cut on wood-blocks and impressions taken of them, after the manner of engravings. They were also produced in Holland by means of movable type as far back as 1450. The author of *The Cologne Chronicle*, printed in 1499, says in this connection: "Although the art, as now practised, was discovered at Mainz, the idea came, in the first place, from Holland and from the 'Donats' formerly printed in that country. It is with these 'Donats' that the art of printing first began." That is true, and the invention of printing, like all other inventions, is to be ascribed to more than one man. There never was an invention that proceeded wholly and completely from the brain of any single person.

It may be said that, in the middle of the fifteenth century, printing was in the air. The Abbé Requin has recently discovered that a goldsmith of Prague, Procopius Waldfoghel, who had settled in Avignon in 1444, instructed a Jew of that city named Davin Caderouke in the art of artificial writing. Waldfoghel undertook in 1446 to provide the Jew with everything requisite for the prosecution of the art. He had at home, he said, two alphabets in steel, two iron moulds, a steel screw, forty-eight forms in tin, and divers other forms pertaining to the art of writing. It is therefore clear that the art which was to change the face of the world was struggling for birth simultaneously at Avignon, at Haarlem, at Strasburg, and likely enough at other places in Christendom. But it was somewhat later, at Mainz, in Gutenberg's second workshop, that it definitely came into being and gave proof of its capabilities.

It was *Zum Jungen*, the house which John had inherited from his uncle and in which he set up his presses, that was the real birthplace of printing.

This man, so ingenious in mind and so strong in will, this man, the discoverer of an art whose infinite power he himself failed to recognise, was fated never to reap the harvest of his labours. After five years' association with Fust, he found himself unable to discharge his obligations to his partner. The latter, who was rich and hard of heart, brought an action against him and won his case. On the 6th November, 1455, John Gutenberg was ordered to repay, with interest, the capital sum he had borrowed, or, failing that, to hand over his printing-plant to the plaintiff. Not being able to pay John Fust, he resigned him his plant in accordance with the verdict, while he himself went forth, never to set foot in it again, from the house *Zum Jungen* on which he had shed such lustre. He retired to the house of Gutenberg or *Bonimontis* which belonged to his mother. He did not abandon the art which he had created, but which had not enabled him to earn a livelihood. He printed books with the aid of one of his kinsmen named Bechtermuntze. The author of *The Chronicle of the Sovereign Pontiffs*, published in Rome, asserts that in 1459 Gutenberg was printing as many as three hundred pages a day.

In 1445 Adolph of Nassau appointed him a gentleman of his household, and by so doing showed honour to merit rather than to fortune, for John Gutenberg was then in the poorest of circumstances.

He died at Mainz in February 1468 and was buried in the Franciscan monastery in that city.

Two years after his death, Michael Friburge of Colmar, Master of Arts, Ulrich Gering of Constance,

and Martin Crantz, craftsmen, having come to Paris to set up the first printing works in that city, eulogised his memory in terms which were recorded by Guillaume Fichet, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, in the following memorable letter :

" They report that not far from the City of Mainz was a certain John, surnamed Bonemontanus, who was the first man to invent the art of printing, whereby books are made, not by means of reeds, as the ancients were wont to make them, nor with the pen, as do we ourselves at the present day, but with letters of bronze, promptly, neatly and fairly."

Though the facts of his life are obscure and veiled in uncertainty, John Gutenberg will always be regarded as the inventor of printing, so long at least as his name remains associated with the Bible known as the " Mazarine Bible," because that Bible is the earliest example of an art that had emerged from its rudimentary stage into the fulness of life and power, whereas the " Donats," and other prints that had preceded it, were merely the faltering essays of rude and unskilled apprentices.

Such, Citoyens, so far as we can ascertain it, was the work of John Gutenberg. Its success was destined immeasurably to surpass the old craftsman's hopes.

By its rapid multiplication of the expression of ideas, the Press, in modern times, has become the most powerful instrument existing, in the domains of science and civilisation.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FESTIVAL HELD IN HONOUR OF
DIDEROT, FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE, IN THE SALLE
WAGRAM ON THE 30TH JULY, 1900



MY COUNTRYMEN, some distinguished men, who are our friends, are here to-day to speak to us of Diderot the philosopher, and of Diderot the man of learning. It is not my task, but Duclaux's, to show you how Diderot was the forerunner of Lamarck and of Darwin. It is the task of Ferdinand Buisson and of Gabriel Séailles to tell you about the philosopher who set the fruitful examination of facts above the profitless investigation of causes, and who taught us that we should ask of Nature to reveal to us not the "Why," as children do, but the "How," after the manner of the chemist and the biologist.

My own part is a simple one. I want to talk to you about Diderot the People's Friend. He was an excellent man, this cutler's son, of Langres. A contemporary of Voltaire's and Rousseau's, he was the best of men in the best of centuries. He had a passion for the mathematical sciences, for physics and for the arts and crafts. To know things, the better to love them—such was the aim of his whole life. He loved his fellow men, he loved their peaceful labours. He made it his great ambition to exalt

and set up in honour the work of the craftsman, of all who labour with the hand, work that had been despised and debased by the military, civil and religious aristocracies. The *Encyclopædia* which he planned with the insight of genius, and which he followed so courageously to its fulfilment—the *Encyclopædia* was the first great inventory of labour to be furnished by the workers to society as a whole. What zeal, what ardour, what conscientious care Diderot and his companions lavished on its compilation—all this we may learn from the prospectus of the *Encyclopædia* itself:

“We have sought our information from the most highly skilled workers in Paris and throughout the kingdom. We have, at the cost of much time and trouble, visited their workshops, questioned them at length, taken down notes from their dictation, given order and shape to their ideas, acquainted ourselves with the technical terms of their various callings, tabulated and defined them, conversed with persons by whom notes and memoranda had been furnished and (this was an almost indispensable precaution) verified, in the course of long and frequent interviews, information which was imperfect, obscure, or the *bona fides* of which we had reason to call in question.

“And,” added Diderot, “it is our intention to send draughtsmen round to the various workshops to make sketches of the tools and machinery, and we shall do everything possible to represent them accurately to our readers’ eyes.”

Citoyens,

Now, when the confederate adversaries of Science, of Freedom and of Peace are taking arms against the Republic and threatening to crush Democracy

beneath the onslaught of the thoughtless or of those who, if they think at all, do so with the sole aim of stifling Thought, you have been well advised in calling to mind, in order to do it honour, the memory of a philosopher who taught his fellow men the gospel of the happiness that goes hand in hand with Work, with Science and with Love, and which, looking wholly toward the Future, proclaims the dawn of a New Age, and the advent of the Proletariat taking its due place in a world where all factions shall be at peace, all hearts consoled.

His keen eye foresaw the struggles in which we are now engaged, foresaw our victories to come. Thus Diderot set ardently and methodically to work to collect the title-deeds of the craftsmen in order to set them above the title-deeds of the privileged and the powerful. There can be no misunderstanding his intentions, remarkable as they are for the times in which he lived. "It is befitting," he said, "that the liberal arts which have sung long enough their own proper praises should henceforth raise their voice to do honour to the mechanical arts and to raise them up from the obscurity to which the force of prejudice has for so long condemned them."

There, then, in the middle of the eighteenth century, we behold a strange, new and wondrous phenomenon, the trades and handicrafts being held in honour. The workers were still in their position of humility, bowed down beneath the long tradition of disdain, when Diderot came to them and cried "Arise! You deem yourselves contemptible only because you are contemned. But on you the lot of all mankind depends."

Diderot inserted in the *Encyclopædia* the follow-

ing definition of the manual worker, of the day-labourer :

“Day labourer or day worker : One who works with his hands and is paid by the day. This class forms the most numerous part of a nation ; it is its welfare with which a good Government should chiefly concern itself. If it is ill with the workers, it is ill with the country.”

Are we then exaggerating, after that, when we say that Diderot, whose memory we are honouring to-day, Diderot, who died a hundred and sixteen years ago, is very near to us to-day, is one of us, a great servant of the people, a defender of the working classes ?

The triumph of the people is bound to come. It is not so much the ill-regulated efforts of our adversaries, as our own divisions and vacillations that can delay its advent. It is bound to come because the very nature of things, and the conditions of life, prescribe it and prepare the ground for it. It will be ordered, reasoned and harmonious. Its outlines are already visible upon the world, traced with the unerring precision of a geometric figure.

AN ALLOCUTION

DELIVERED AT THE GRAVE OF ÉTIENNE CHARAVAY IN
THE CIMETIÈRE MONTPARNASSE ON THE 18TH
NOVEMBER, 1900



ENTLEMEN, more than a year ago we were gathered together in this place to bid a last farewell to Étienne Charavay. And now once more we are assembled here with the same feelings, with the same emotions which then possessed us, and with a sense of deprivation perhaps still more cruel because we have dwelt upon it in our minds and put the loss of him, so to speak, to the sorrowful test of experience. He has left a void in the hearts of all who knew him. What he was you know full well. An excellent parent, a delightful friend, a scholar of exemplary conscientiousness, a good citizen and an upright man, who did his duty at a time when it needed a stout heart not to falter. His memory is dear to us, and dear to our hearts is the longing to do it honour. Therefore we express our profound gratitude to the great artist who, with strong and unerring skill, has, in his handiwork here, given beautiful expression to our aspirations.

Dalou has given us a living image of the friend we have lost. Here in this beautiful medallion he comes back to us again, even as he was in life, with

his gentle mien, with that same air of kindliness and distinction that ever clothed his brave and steadfast spirit. May Dalou the sculptor, and M. Maurice Tourneux and all who have contributed to the erection of this memorial, deign to accept the thanks of Étienne Charavay's oldest friend.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE RESTAURANT
CO-OPÉRATIF OF THE FIFTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT
ON THE 6TH DECEMBER, 1900



CITOYENS, bravely you have set forth upon the march. You have taken the first steps along the path, the path that stretches away into the illimitable future, the path of the future with its promise of better things. Your institution will live. It will live because it is the people's work, and because, to-day, in a society that is egoistic and sterile like our own, the people are the sole repositories of creative energy.

In every age, the people have been the vast reservoir of strength to which the ruling and dominant classes have always had recourse. And now the time has come when the people mean themselves to direct and utilise their own strength. What could be more legitimate? It is the very principle of these co-operative enterprises.

But in order to make this principle bring forth all its fruit, to succeed in an undertaking that is so strenuously opposed, you are aware, Citoyens, of the wisdom we must display, of the energy we must evince. You will not weary in the struggle, and you will win the day.

You will be supported, I most firmly hope, by the

local labour party, for the district has proved the quality of its republicanism and its socialism by returning good socialists to the Municipal Council. The excellent proletariat of the fifteenth arrondissement knows, and will never forget, that the enterprise this day inaugurated is proletarian and socialistic, and therefore worthy of all encouragement.

I propose the toast of the Co-operative Restaurant of the Fifteenth Arrondissement.

LETTER

READ AT A MEETING ORGANISED TO EXPRESS
SYMPATHY WITH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARIES ON
10TH MAY, 1901



CITIZYENS, it being impossible for me to be with you this evening, I wish at least to make known to you my sympathy with your sentiments and to send the expression of my sorrowful respect to the heroic workers and students of Petersburg and Kharkoff.

Their cause is the cause of all humanity. It behoves every man to denounce and to condemn the crime of their assassins.

That crime was a piece of madness. A Government is mad when it makes a furious attack upon Reason and Intelligence. It must be utterly beside itself to imagine that by striking at those who think and those who know, it is compassing the overthrow of science and of thought. All it does is to make for itself two undying foes.

Since Russia has awakened to the life of the mind, nothing now will prevent her intellectual and social emancipation. The hour when Freedom shall make its entry into the Empire of the Czars is at hand. Resistance on the part of absolute power may make it tragic. It will not prevent that hour from striking.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE INAUGURAL CELEBRATIONS OF
"L'EMANCIPATRICE," THE COMMUNIST PRINTING
WORKS, ON THE 12TH MAY, 1901



COMRADES, I can almost say that I am one of you. Printing rooms always call to my mind memories that are both dear and far-away. My father was a bookseller. When I was quite a small boy I used to have to run to the printer's with copy, and when I was still quite young I had to occupy myself with book-production, and I corrected proofs. I corrected other people's proofs before I corrected my own. I shouldn't make such a bad foreman, and if I were younger, I should apply to you for a job.

But it is not merely pleasant memories that endear your art to me. I look on it as the finest art in the world. You know what the good Pantagruel says about it.

Pantagruel says, by the mouth of Rabelais, that printing was invented by angelic inspiration as a counterblast to gunpowder, which we owe to the Devil. It is unnecessary for me to warn you not to give a literal significance to the word angelic here. Rabelais believed neither in angels nor in devils.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE SECTIONS OF THE
LIGUE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME ET DU CITOYEN OF
THE SIXTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT, ON THE 21ST
DECEMBER, 1901



CITOYENS, before calling upon Louis Havet, the Vice-President of the "Ligue des Droits de l'Homme," to deliver his address, I must thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me in inviting me to take the Chair at this general meeting and, since I behold assembled here the various sections of the sixteenth arrondissement, I take the opportunity of congratulating the League itself on the spirit by which it is animated. I must congratulate you all on having recognised that patriotism should accord with the spirit of Justice and of Peace, with respect for the Right and with the love of Humanity; I must congratulate you on having shown that you are free men, not after the manner of those self-styled liberals who only clamour for liberty in order to repress it, but by courageously denouncing the specious advances or the overt hostility of the reactionaries. You have achieved much. You have still a great deal more to do.

The reactionaries and the clericals, half discomfited, are by no means for giving up the fight, and

they are rendered the more dangerous by the fact that they do not show themselves in their true colours, which would frighten people, but borrow, in order to hoodwink the great mass of Republicans, your terms and your mode of speech. They are for ever prating about Liberty and the Rights of Man.

To withstand and overcome them, be mindful, Citoyens, that you must march shoulder to shoulder with those who are building the Edifice of Emancipation for the manual workers, with all the upholders of social justice, and that you have no enemies among the labour party. Remember that without the labour party you are but a mere handful of dissentient bourgeois, but that, united and blended with the proletariat, you have the weight of the majority on your side in your fight for justice.

Now you are going to hear the unfaltering words of a man who has never told a lie. You are going to hear the voice of the truest and staunchest of souls. Citoyen Louis Havet is about to speak to you on a subject in which, at the present juncture, you cannot fail to have peculiar interest. He is going to speak to you about the moral aspect of elections and, with you, to hold an inquiry into the manner in which the voting power is exercised at the present day.

Those are questions which you cannot regard with indifference. There are to be found in Paris to-day many reactionaries and a few Republicans whose slogan is "Down with the parliamentarians." It is a cry which sounds pleasantly in Parisian ears. Now I am not going to put up a defence of the things we owe to representative government. Without inquiring whether the fault is to be ascribed to the

representatives or to the represented, governments have succeeded to governments, yet it must be confessed that justice and beneficence have not yet made their appearance among our laws. For the past thirty years, by what they have done and especially by what they have left undone, the Chambers have contributed in no small measure to render the Republic less attractive and less stable than its beginnings promised. Certainly the Chamber which is now on its deathbed was conspicuous for little save intellectual feebleness and moral pusillanimity. Born into an atmosphere of error, falsehood and panic, under a criminal Ministry, it dragged out a faltering and listless existence. It seemed as though fear were the inspirer and counsellor of our deputies, and we may say of our Chambers that their weakness brings confusion to all parties alike.

You perceive, Citoyens, that I do not fall down overwhelmed by awe and veneration for the majesty of our political institutions. But when our nationalist firebrands clamour for their immediate destruction, when our great popular leaders call in trumpet tones for the suppression of our parliamentary representatives, I see but too clearly that they have it in mind to put patrols of cavalry in their place, and the cause of freedom would not be advanced a jot. In our present stage of political and moral development, universal suffrage is the sole safeguard of our rights and liberties, and it needs a breath, a breath of the spirit of brotherhood, to pass over town and countryside for it to become an instrument of social justice.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE
FESTIVAL HELD IN VICTOR HUGO'S HONOUR
ON THE 2ND MARCH, 1902



CITOYENNES and Citoyens, on the 1st June, 1885, a bier that had rested beneath the Arc de Triomphe was escorted to the Panthéon by the people of Paris, and by representatives from the rest of France and the whole intellectual world. Along the route through which the procession passed the flame of the lanterns swathed in crêpe glimmered tremblingly in the daylight, masts erected at regular intervals were hung with shields inscribed with the names, not of battles, but of books. For honours till then reserved for kings and emperors, for sovereigns and conquerors, were decreed by the grief-stricken multitude to a great writer and a great thinker, who had wielded no other sceptre than the power of words.

"Au Penseur." To the Man of the Mind. Such were the words that were repeated again and again on the banners which followed the glorious dead. And these funeral celebrations, held not in obedience to an official decree, but inspired by a mighty wave of popular feeling, marked a new era in the history of mankind. The pomp and

splendour which, from time immemorial, had done honour to force and violence, were here seen for the first time attending upon the gentle puissance of the mind and celebrating a bloodless glory. Eloquent obsequies these, and a splendid symbol of the revolutionary ideal. It was a sign that henceforth the people would substitute in their hearts freedom of thought for authoritative dogma, liberty for absolute power, the insignia of reason for the insignia of force, justice and peace for war and bloodshed, and for hatred, fraternity and love.

Like the people who, a century before, had stormed the Bastille, the people who celebrated the apotheosis of Victor Hugo dimly and instinctively discerned the nature of their act, and were honouring not so much the poet, great as he was, but the spirit of poetry and beauty. They felt that if they were paying a tribute to the old man who had flung so rich a largesse of thought and speech over the world, it was that they might recognise in him the high sovereignty of the things of the mind, of the spoken and the written word.

And now again to-day, when we are commemorating the centenary of Victor Hugo, we are animated by the same ideas, and the same feelings stir our hearts. True we are not going to make a god of the poet, and we shall keep well on the hither side of anything like idolatry, even the most excusable form of it, the idolatry of illustrious men. We shall take good care not to attempt to overthrow old dogmas by opposing them with a new one, and in the seat of the theologian and the priest establishing the philosopher and the poet.

We know that men are fallible, that one and all are prone to error, that they have days when their minds

are clouded and their hearts darkened. The greatest and the best are not exempt from the vacillations of the spirit and the uncertainties of the mind. To these things, being men, they have a sacred right. We will not deny it to them. The wisest go astray sometimes. We put implicit faith in no man.

Victor Hugo is perhaps the last man to whom we should go for material with which to construct any definite doctrine or to furnish the outlines of a social and political system. His ideas, at once so startling and so fuliginous, so exuberant and so contradictory, vast and vague as the ideas of mighty multitudes, were the ideas of his century as a whole, of which, as he himself said, he was the sounding echo.

The object of the veneration which we pay to-day is not merely a man, but an era in the history of France and of the human race; it is this nineteenth century whose dreams and illusions, whose errors and prophecies, whose loves and hates, whose fears and hopes, were voiced more richly and abundantly by Victor Hugo than by any other in the world.

He was still a child when the monarchy was re-established in a France exhausted by war. He was a royalist under two kings, then, after the July revolution, he felt drawn to liberal imperialism. But thenceforth he began to be conscious of a lively and growing sympathy for the masses. And later on he was able to say, without any great straining of the term, that he had been a socialist before he became a Republican. He became a Republican in 1850. It is possible that he himself was not fully aware of the reasons which underlay this

progressive emancipation of mind. This is how he explained it at a later date:—

“It seemd to me that Liberty was vanquished. After the 13th June, when I saw the Republic overthrown, I was the more struck and moved by the righteousness of its principles because it was in its death agony. And so I hastened to rally to its side.”

From that day onward he was its ardent champion in word and deed. In 1850, M. de Falloux, the Minister of Public Instruction, brought before the Legislative Assembly a Bill designed to hand over public education to the clergy. This was what the clerical party in those days, as in these, called safeguarding the freedom of education. Victor Hugo, who was a member of the Assembly, opposed the Bill, which he stigmatised as a wolf-trap with a specious name. We may quote a few passages from the speech he made on this occasion.

“There is not a poet,” said Hugo to the Church party, “not a writer, not a philosopher, not a thinker whom you would accept, and whatsoever has been written, discovered, dreamed of, deduced, illumined, imagined or invented by men of genius—the accumulated treasures of civilisation, the immemorial heritage of the ages, the common patrimony of the human understanding—you reject it all!

“And yet you clamour for freedom in education. Come now, be frank. Let us be quite clear about the freedom you ask for. What is it but the freedom not to teach at all?

“Ah, you would have us deliver the people into your hands, that you may teach them! Well and good. Now let us look at your pupils. Let us examine the products of your system. What have

you made of Italy? And what have you made of Spain?"

If, Citoyens, of Victor Hugo's political ideas I select those which belong to 1850, it is because 1902 (may your good sense and your energy avert the omen!) bears some resemblance to 1850. The likeness would be still more sinister if in 1902 we had, as in 1850, a Chamber dominated by clericals and reactionaries.

And so it comes about that, as with the onward sweep of a wave, the memory of Victor Hugo carries us forward to our own time, to this hour of foreboding when the foes of the Republic, of Democracy and of Social Justice are using every effort to reassert the authority of the Church and to restore the dominion of privilege. Now again to-day, as on the eve of the coup d'état, the reactionaries of every sort, clamorous or cunning, have rallied to the call of the monks and the priests, and are making ready, with falsehood, calumny and corruption, to compass the overthrow of liberty. Professing themselves her champions, they would fain crush liberty out of existence. After the manner of that prophet to whose words none would have given credence had they but seen his face, they suppress their real name, and call themselves liberal.

Your task it is, Citoyens, to tear away the mask from these charlatans and hypocrites, your task it is to save the Republic, which we are defending not for what it now is, but for what it can and must become, the Republic which we shall protect as the indispensable instrument of progress and reform, the Republic which to-morrow shall become the Republic of Democracy and Social Justice, and guide us onward towards the realisation of that world-wide

Republic of the future whose advent Victor Hugo, in his old age, so splendidly proclaimed.

"In the place of battles," he cried, with the voice of a prophet, "there shall come the discoveries of science. The peoples of the earth shall dream no more of conquest, they shall grow mighty in knowledge and enlightenment. They shall be warriors no more, but workers. They shall seek and teach and invent. No more shall they glory in exterminating their fellows. The slayers shall give place to the creators."

And for this Republic hailed by the great poet whose centenary we are celebrating to-day, for this ideal Republic of which the world has need, it behoves you, Citoyens, to prepare the way, to hasten its coming by combating, on every hand, the spirit of selfishness and violence; by toiling unceasingly in the cause of social justice and real liberty, the liberty which never sees in liberty a foe.

A SPEECH

PROPOSING THE TOAST OF
GEORG BRANDES AT A BANQUET GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR
ON THE 14TH MARCH, 1902



WITH true Hellenic delicacy of perception, Ajax, in Sophocles' tragedy, remarks that, whereas he had hitherto always held that men were moved by deeds, he had now come to perceive that they were moved by words.

That is a truth which lay hidden from the barbarians for centuries, but which reveals itself to us as it did to the subtle-minded Greeks.

It is the word that rules the world. Therefore it is, Georg Brandes, that seeking to learn and to explain the ourstanding causes which have influenced men and societies in the present century you have concentrated your attention on writers rather than on men of action, realising that ideas furnish the key to acts which have no significance in themselves.

Your labours, which are at once critical, historical and philosophical, are, with Sainte Beuve's, the most noteworthy and important of our time.

No less admirable than your gift of exposition are the keenness of your analysis, the originality and boldness of your intellectual conceptions. Your

power of comprehension is greater than anyone would have deemed possible.

But it is more especially to your character, Georg Brandes, that I wish to bear witness to-night. It is on a level with your talents.

I drink to the health of Georg Brandes, who, though living in a democratic age, has never stooped to flatter the people.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL
MEETING OF THE "LIGUE FRANÇAISE POUR LA
DEFENSE DES DROITS DE L'HOMME ET DU CITOYEN,"
HELD ON THE 20TH APRIL, 1902



CITOYENS, there is a children's story that is the common property of every nation. It is the story of the Mighty Man of Valour. In a version which is, I think, current in Lorraine, the hero, when he is overcome in his human shape, transforms himself into a dragon; then, when he is defeated in this new guise, he changes into a duck. I am reminded of this marvellous and mighty man when I read the manifestoes posted on our walls by the Nationalists. We have seen these Nationalists rampaging along the streets and the boulevards, belching fire and fury from eyes and gorge and nostrils. These terrible dragons unfolded their wings and spread their horrible claws. Howbeit they were vanquished, and now, behold, they are born again, to engage in another fight, with downy wings, a "tame villatic" air and familiar, peaceful voice. What a wonderful metamorphosis!

In their earlier shape, you will remember, Citoyens, they were Hippogriffs and Unicorns; they were giants, ogres, ravening for human flesh. They

talked of nothing but "braining peaceful citizens." They went up and down the streets knocking Republicans on the head, what time M. Méline contemplated their exploits with friendly eye and soft, approving smile. M. Méline smiled with inimitable sweetness on the birth of Nationalism. Surely you will remember all about it, Citoyens? And warmed by this quickening smile, Nationalism grew apace and reared its plume-decked head above the chimney-pots, like M. and Mme. Gayant in the quaint old town of Douai. The loafers, the scullions, the rag-tag-and-bobtail all did as the Jesuits told them, and ran along beside the procession, uttering strident yells.

A fine uproar we had at the funeral of President Faure. A horse appeared among the party, a military horse; for it seems that there are Nationalists among the horses too. In those strange days, Nationalism, being full of youthful energy, stirred up trouble, provoked affrays, organised riots and meditated revolutions. Nationalism was getting ready to deal a death-blow to the Republic and hoped to inter it with the dead President. But the Catafalque coup failed to come off. It then opened its jaws as wide as the Arc de Triomphe. It had an appetite like Gargantua's and wanted to gobble Parliament right up. People were afraid the new President would disappear at a mouthful.

"Poor Monsieur Loubet!" the people said. "The only thing he can do is to find a lodging in the giant's hollow teeth."

How, in so short a time, can the Nationalists have contrived to effect such an utter change in their language and demeanour? Why you wouldn't know them. They don't want to kill anybody. No talk,

now, of braining the citizens. You don't see them with bludgeons any more. They respect parliamentary institutions; they respect the Senate; they respect people's hats. Read their posters; you won't believe your eyes! No more talk about wars, about massacres. About braining folk, not a word. They're all for liberty, toleration, economy, and the reduction of military service. They would be content with a mere change of government. There's certainly nothing very far-reaching about that. There's not a word in these posters about upsetting the Republic. They even say they will reform it. Of the plébiscite, no mention! Nay, better far than this, all the Nationalists are now turned Republicans. There are radicals for radical electors; socialists for socialist electors; independents for independent electors. If you looked long enough, you would find candidates ticketed "imperialist-nationalist-republicans" and "monarchist-nationalist-republicans."

When we hear their new way of talking and contemplate their hypocritical faces, we feel like telling them what Sganarelle told his master. "Gentlemen," said he, "I liked you better as you were before." And indeed they were less obnoxious when brandishing their rusty old sword than they are to-day blowing into Guillot's flute. But swash-bucklers or psalm droners, whether it's "Long live the King!" or "Long live the Republic!" these people are what they always were, and their hearts are unchanged.

Citoyens, it is the procession of the League which is marching on before your eyes. Three years ago, you saw the leading banners pass by. Monks with their habitstucked up and wearing breastplates, spawn

from the Sorbonne flinging lampoons among the gaping mob, bravos and braggarts, drinkers of eisel and eaters of crocodiles! But see now! They are candidates for Parliament who go mincing by, so gentle, so unctuous, so honey-tongued, so coy, so very coy, and shrinking—shrinking till they are small enough to slip into the slit of a ballot box.

It is the procession of the League that is passing by. The monks' army. All those people there are working for the monks. When they tell you they are Republicans, it is the monks' Republic they mean to give you. When they shout "Liberty!" they mean liberty for the monks to evade the law. What they call liberty in education is license for the monks to teach the children to hate and despise everything and everyone non-clerical, and, if they prate of toleration, it is because they aim at forcing the Republic to tolerate the encroachments of the monks.

They are the liegemen of the monks, no matter what the colour of their habit—black, white, semi-white, semi-black, hazel, fig and raisin. Their liberty has a special name. It is the Falloux brand. They are the nominees of those monks who have devoured Italy and devoured Spain, monks whom the French Republic, more long-suffering than the Old Régime, suffered to breed in swarms upon her bosom. They are the candidates of the Jesuits who, with patient skill, have in thirty years formed and trained, instructed and armed a Roman France in France, to combat France herself.

They are nominees of those Assumptionists, of those fell shavelings of *les Croix* who, three years since, kindled the flames of civil war in the country that had given them welcome. They are

the nominees of those monks who, to defray the cost of their pious electioneering, go a-begging in their old familiar manner, begging where they can, what they can, from all and sundry, in the true Catholic fashion. They are the candidates of the Roman Fatherland. They are the representatives of that subtle and ruthless clerical system which, as soon as it has got a nation in its clutch, governs it in the spirit of the past, with all the weapons of the past, all the forces of reaction, violence, falsehood, ignorance and degradation.

Citoyens, let us be on our guard! When the clerical party gets its grip on a nation, it doesn't let go in a hurry. Look at Belgium. It took it by surprise one day. That was twenty long years ago, and it hasn't relaxed its hold. And who shall tell what a price the country it is strangling will have to pay to shake itself free?

Citoyens, cast your votes against the Nationalists and for the candidates who are Republicans through and through; not for those poor whey-faced creatures that float limply betwixt Nationalism and the Republic. Don't go and drown your votes in the shifting shadows of a liberalism which countenances every species of oppression and iniquity. Vote for the candidate who, whether he be radical, radical-socialist or socialist, demands liberty, real liberty, the liberty that recognises no adversary of that name. Give your votes boldly and resolutely to the men who are striving to set up social justice in all its plenitude, and so prepare the way for the advent of universal peace by bringing about the union of all the workers throughout the world. People will tell you these men are Utopian dreamers. Yet the economists on whom they base their ideas

have erred less gravely than their forerunners, and they have a better system for the adjustment of their errors. And what if they were Utopians, ought we to value them the less on that account? Had it not been for the dreamers of bygone days, mankind would still be living, naked and forlorn, in caves. They were Utopians who traced the boundaries of the first city. That political party deserves our pity that numbers no Utopians in its ranks. Generous dreams bring forth beneficent deeds. A Utopia is the beginning of all progress, the adumbration of a happier future.

Cast your votes for the candidates of the Republic, radicals, radical-socialists and socialists.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING¹ OF THE ELECTORATE OF
THE THIRD ARRONDISSEMENT
ON THE 8TH MAY, 1902



ITOYENS, sometimes of an evening at home, when we were children, some old friend would display to us on the wall the shadow of a rabbit that would open its pale eye quite wide and wag its ears. But when we turned and looked round we could see the pair of hands that was making the shadow appear. And so it is now. If the electors, to whom the Nationalist rabbit is being exhibited, will turn round they will see that this extraordinary apparition is being produced by the united hands of clericalism and reaction. And Basile and Gamelle not only cause it to appear, they even endow it with speech. They make it shout "Hurrah for the Army!" "Down with the Government!" They don't make it say any more than that. It wouldn't do for the rabbit to say too much. We should recognise, as it issued from bunny's innocent lips, the voice of the Jesuits and the Dominicans, the raucous shout of the bludgeon-wielding fathers of *les Croix*.

¹ This meeting, which was organised in favour of the candidature of M. Louis Puech, under the chairmanship of M. Anatole France, preceded the vote by ballot.

Citoyens, when we look at the election results in your district, it is clear that you suddenly found out what hands were making the shadow on the wall. On the first round, you put the Nationalists in a minority. Next Sunday, by pulling together and doing your duty, you will score a great Republican victory. This victory is assured by the union of the democratic candidates, all of whom have deserved well of the Republic.

Throughout the whole of France, the 27th was a bad day for the Nationalists. Their cause was but a shadow, and now see! The shadow itself has disappeared. The monks and their friends have thrown away millions for nothing at all, and told a wealth of lies without taking any great toll of dupes. Even at this stage there is a majority against them. The very first ballot resulted in an anti-clerical majority. What does it matter, after that, if the confederates of the Black Republic scored a few empty triumphs here and there? In the East, where they are strong, they have hardly beaten anyone but their own friends, and after threatening to wipe out all their adversaries, the best thing they could do was to bring down their powerful ally, their second-self, Méline and his merry men. And thus they have done themselves more harm than good. They showed themselves devoid of sense and they remind us of the animal the old books used to tell about, which when it was hungry would devour its own feet without noticing it. If in the bourgeois centre of Paris they scored a few successes, they were generally gained at the expense of candidates that had dealt tenderly with them, that had deemed it easier and better policy to flatter the ignorance of the electors than to destroy it, and who

thought it possible to combat the adversary without nailing his lies to the counter. So far as I am concerned, I don't feel very sorry for these shilly-shallying Republicans. Too much caution is no good at all. There is nothing so stupid as being too clever. Look, on the other hand, at the Republicans, the Socialists, who, like Jaurès and Pressensé, disdained all cleverness and declared boldly, "We stood up for the innocent man against the forgers and against the unjust judges, and we are proud of it!" The men who thus spoke out had no reason to regret their frankness. Jaurès has won his seat, and Francis de Pressensé will certainly win his.

Nevertheless, Citoyens, we must face the fact that in Paris we have sustained some notable losses and that some staunch Republicans have gone under. But these reverses to the Republican cause have only occurred in bourgeois constituencies. The Republic has fought and won in all constituencies where, as in your own, the proletariat is in the ascendant. It needed not this example to show us that the Republic when in peril could only look for protection to the manual workers, and that henceforth its existence will depend on the support of the Socialists.

But, after all, despite the pious zeal of this army of lady-canvassers, and thanks to the workman, thanks to the peasant, the Nationalists have sustained an irremediable defeat. And we have great reason to rejoice thereat, for the victory which we won on the 27th April, and on which we shall set the seal on the 11th May, is the victory of mind over brute force, the shining victory of intelligence and goodwill.

But to make it certain that I am right in speaking thus, we must know what Nationalism is, and realise the ideas which inspire it. Therefore, Citoyens, I beg you to listen to me while I define it.

Three years ago, perceiving our redoubtable Leaguers going about the streets waving their arms like the sails of a windmill, and braying like jack-asses, I betook myself to a philosopher friend of mine, to consult with him regarding these gentry.

"These fellows, I said, "belong to a species that is highly annoying, undesirable, importunate and indiscreet. None of their leaders knows what the others mean, they know not even what they mean themselves, but they say they will soon be governing the country. Is this so?"

And my friend the philosopher made answer saying :

"I do not believe the Republic will ever be conquered by the Trublions."¹

It was thus he named the Nationalists; and doubtless he had his reasons, for he knows the value of words.

"The Trublions," he went on, "are incapable of conquering anything. One can no more contemplate the possibilities of their triumph, than the triumph of a cloud of locusts or a plague of hornets. Trublionism is a pest that rages and passes on. If it can be said to reign, it reigns like an epidemic of typhus."

And my friend added sadly, shaking his head :

"But we know not when the contagion will cease, nor what havoc will be wrought by it

¹ From the Greek *τρύβλιον*, a bowl, signifying the partisans of Gamelle and, by extension, their allies the Nationalists and demagogues.

among a people weakened and worn out with fatigue."

He pondered a moment, and then went on, in a tone of added bitterness :

"The Trublions are nothing in themselves. But they have terrible human forces on their side: the hidden forces of ignorance and hate. There is, among men, an age-old stock of barbarism and ferocity. In the long course of their primeval existence, when they dwelt in the giant trees of the forest or in caves by the shores of rushing rivers, they grew too well accustomed to devouring each other for their primitive instincts, though slumbering through centuries of easy existence, not to awaken in them from time to time, and for the old blood-lust not to come surging up, ever and anon, to their mouths and nostrils. It is these natural and deep-seated instincts which the Trublions excite, encourage and exacerbate. They stir up all that we believed extinct in civilised and thoughtful man—the deceitfulness and ferocity of the savage, the foolish superstition, the ignorant fetichism, the sorcery and magic of the primitive ages. They thrust back the simple and the weak into the slough of barbarism and into the tyranny of the caste régime, to those untutored times when the men of the tribe prostrated themselves before the chief, resplendent in his crown of feathers, and by the hands of their priests offered up human victims to gods as ignorant and cruel as themselves."

Thus spoke my friend, the philosopher. He was right. But these attributes of barbarism, this spirit of hatred and falsehood. If Nationalism is nothing in itself, whence does it get these allies? Citoyens, you know well enough. It gets them

from the Jesuits, the Dominicans, from those blood-thirsty Assumptionists who, when they were driven forth, kindled the flames of civil war in France. They derive them from all those architects of reaction and oppression who lead them on.

Citoyens, you must finish the task you have begun—you must complete the discomfiture of the Monks.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIÉTÉ DES
HABITATIONS HYGIÉNIQUES À BON MARCHÉ,
ON THE 18TH MAY, 1902 ¹



CITIZENS, it is not strictly necessary for me to remind you of the great intellectual movement from which our popular universities derive their being. However, the memory of such an event must not be passed over in silence, and it behoves us, who seconded the movement so far as in us lay, always to speak of it with becoming pride. When the powers of the Past, the forces of clericalism and reaction, having made long and secret preparations for an attack, suddenly attempted to capture the country by coercion and misrepresentation with a crime to lend them aid, the Government and Parliament almost to a man, and more from cowardice than ignorance, threw in their lot with the conspirators. Among the privileged classes, scarcely a handful of men openly made a stand against the barbarian menace. Justice, Freedom, Wisdom, Intelligence, Humanity, the whole basis of social life, seemed lost. Yet all was saved by the stubborn resistance offered by the proletariat to the spirit of tyranny and misrepresentation.

¹ Society for the provision of cheap and healthy houses.

The proletariat saved the Republic, though it had little enough to thank it for. It then became apparent that the strength of the Republic was really to be found in the great body of manual workers. And the bond was drawn all the closer between the intellectuals (let us reserve this name for them like an honorific title) and the proletarians. For they, fighting shoulder to shoulder, had been the first to defend the fabric of society against that form of brigandage which has since taken to itself the name of Nationalism.

With eager spontaneity and lively sympathy, professors, men of science and men of letters, attached themselves in little groups to the men of workshop and factory. They exchanged ideas; they shared their hopes and fears. Each side recognised the need for a closer union. And so it was that in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, the people's universities were created by the joint labours of the manual and intellectual workers.

I am not saying that these associations were entirely new. Groups for social study such as the *Soirées ouvrières*, the *Co-opération des Idées*, the *Groupe de l'Émancipation*, had preceded them, and pioneers like Deherme, like Maurice Boucher, with his truly apostolic fervour, and the workers of Montreuil had already given an example of what could be done in this direction. It is none the less true that the People's Universities owe their development and extension to the great moral crisis through which we have passed.

I have a strong idea that the word and the thing came into being at the same time. To its special and local designation, e.g., *Émancipation Réveil*,

Union, Aurore, Idée, Effort, Contrat Social, each group adds the generic name of University.

In what sense is this name to be understood? It is old, and, like all old names, heavily laden with a diversity of meanings. It may be applied equally to the universality of the several branches of knowledge, and to the universality of the persons gathered together to impart or to receive instruction in those several branches.

When, in 1215, Robert de Courcon drew up his statutes for a corporation of masters and scholars, that corporation was called the University of Paris. Without scrutinising too closely the precise significance then attached to this word, we may take it that a university is a sort of universe, an harmonious sphere—in fact a world. This meaning is too engaging to prompt us to search for another. We will say, therefore, that our popular universities are harmonious spheres, or worlds in themselves.

To speak truly, we must allow that many of them are as yet very small worlds. But we learn from the science of Astronomy that worlds are not all big. In our solar system, between Mars and Jupiter, gravitate planets of which some are only three or four miles in circumference, perhaps less than that. They are worlds, none the less. I know some people's universities that are, in every way, very modest institutions. They are, none the less, universities, worlds, with their sphere of attraction, their zone of influence, and I think that the least of them are not wholly without their effect on the public mind. And they have this advantage over their fellow planets on the telescopic field—they may grow with time.

Be this as it may, the university of which it is my

pleasant duty to discourse to you to-day, the *Éducation Sociale de Montmartre*, is certainly not the smallest of these little worlds. It is, indeed, a world, a universe, or at least one that is in course of formation. That you will see clearly for yourselves. It has both the promise and the substance. Its curriculum embraces a wide field. I don't mean that it offers us the spectacle of a rector attended by four faculties, such as we see in the older universities. You would not wish for that. Of the older faculties we only keep as much as we want. The United States of America, who took their universities from Europe, their mother, have cut them down to suit their needs. Somewhere in the Far West there is a university for clergymen and dentists. This university has only two faculties, the Faculty of Theology and the Faculty of Dentistry. Now that is a sensible arrangement. Here in the *Université de l'Éducation Sociale* there is evidence of equal wisdom and greater idealism, and as its principal concern is with adult education, it devotes itself mainly to general ideas, as well as to branches susceptible of a practical and immediate application.

I will not here enter at any length into the question of adult education. It is a difficult subject, upon which I will limit myself to a few brief remarks. First, to those who would inquire whether it is possible to teach men of mature years who are engaged all day long on heavy mechanical occupations, I should make reply that the Church, who can boast an unequalled experience in the matter of souls, considers that the education of grown men and working folk is possible, since it lavishes upon them sermons, exhortations, lectures, homilies and

Lenten addresses of all descriptions. The only thing to consider is whether the scientific spirit is as readily communicable as the religious spirit.

We do not think it is. We believe, on the contrary, that it is a simpler matter to manufacture credulous souls than to shape scientific minds, and that more minds have been instructed in ignorance than in science. It must be recognised that the truths of science are only to be acquired slowly and with difficulty, and it must be further remarked that their chief virtue resides in their sequence and concatenation, and that more valuable still than the practical applications of which they are susceptible is the methodical research which led to their discovery.

Nevertheless, it is neither vain nor impossible to explain to listeners new to the subject, provided they are attentive, certain scientific facts and results, even if we cannot indulge in the unfolding of recondite and elaborate theories. Nay, to put it better. If the most splendid inventions, the greatest discoveries, took centuries to produce, it takes but an hour to describe them.

Let it be admitted that the philosophy of the sciences is difficult of access, scientific facts may largely be brought within everyone's reach, and so long as it is a question of Physics, or of Chemistry or Biology, it is plain sailing enough.

The difficulties begin when we come to the social and political sciences, things which cannot be taught with exactitude because they are not constituted with exactitude. I shall offend no one by saying that politics cannot be regarded as an exact science. If it were an exact science, in the sense that astronomy is an exact science, it would be possible to foretell

changes of government with the same accuracy as we foretell eclipses, and politicians would then be delivered from a fruitful cause of agitation. As it is, we observe that political questions involve our popular universities in some embarrassment.

Apparently they might achieve a satisfactory escape from their dilemma by abstaining from politics. But to abstain from politics is, after all, a sort of politics in itself, and one could hardly say it was the best sort. Whatever they may wish, popular universities cannot limit their horizon to the walls of a laboratory. They will always be fuller of life than of learning. And if a man is alive he cannot avoid concerning himself with public affairs, for public affairs are the aggregate of the affairs of each of us, and therefore a burden we cannot evade.

And then, finally, it is no part of the scheme of our popular universities to carry out a minute study of the cluster of the Perseids or to discover some new gas among the constituents of the atmosphere. Their aim is to render the toilers' lot supportable, and that task, which ought to be the chief business of every proletarian association, is not, say what one will, unconnected with politics, with the people who are elected to the Chambers and the statesmen who form the Cabinet. Do not the fortunes of the Republic depend on the men who are elected to the Legislature? And who denies that the Republic is the necessary instrument whereby democratic reforms are to be carried out and social justice established on a firm basis?

I have thought it not unprofitable to submit these considerations to your judgment. Nay, more, I felt in my conscience that it was necessary. Had

it been otherwise, I should not have deferred so long the pleasure of passing, in your company, within the walls of the University of l'Éducation Sociale, and of paying a visit to these other gardens of Academus, to this new Portico now open to the people of Montmartre.

For three years, now, how excellent the masters that have given instruction there! Philosophic subjects have been treated by a man of absolute probity, of admirable candour, a man whose ideas are as sincere as they are profound, a man who gives us an example of something rarer than one might think, the example of a wise man teaching wisdom: I mean Darlu. On glancing at the syllabuses I see that Darlu has spoken on Freedom of Thought, on Positivism, on the Philosophic Ideas of the Day, on the Idea of Progress and the Theory of Evolution, on Free Will, on Determinism, on the Conditions of Happiness, on the Life of the Spirit.

Gustave Rouanet, who, in the eighteenth arrondissement, has just dispersed the wild swarm of the Trublious, has delivered a fine series of lectures on the Political Influence exerted by Money in Ancient, Mediæval and Modern Times. Again, I see among the lecturers on philosophy at "l'Éducation Sociale" Henry Michel, professor at the Sorbonne, and Gabriel Séailles, of whom I am proud to call myself the friend, and whose character and intellectual gifts equally command admiration. It is saying little to tell that Gabriel Séailles sacrificed his private interest, all the brilliant advantages on which he could count, even his own peace, to the public defence of truth and justice. It should also be told with what a good heart he made this sacrifice, with what smiling calm and cheerful serenity.

Next to the name of Gabriel Séailles I see that of Ferdinand Buisson. Buisson, when standing for election in the thirteenth arrondissement, forgot all about his candidature, and won over the electors by simple little disquisitions on the loftiest moral questions, and won his seat by these most unusual means: by modesty, knowledge and probity. And then again I note the names of Fournière, ex-Socialist deputy for Guise, whom we shall soon see back again in the Chamber, of my old friend Lanson and my young friend Brunschvieg, of Albert Cohen, Monin and Paul Mantoux.

Lessons in the exact sciences have not been overlooked at the "Éducation Sociale," for there it is realised that Science sets us free from barbarous imaginings and vain terrors. Men of light and learning—Abraham Buhl, Colomb, Guillaume Perrin, Lacroix, Seignette, Doctors Legendre and Jacquet—have given lectures on Astronomy, Chemistry, Zoology, Botany, Medicine and Prophylactics.

We may justly claim that our university aims at educating its students in broad philosophic ideas, as well as in practical specialised knowledge.

It further makes it its endeavour to provide them with the amenities of art. From time to time they are enabled to listen to good music. One night they had an opportunity of hearing extracts from the three *Fausts*, Berlioz', Schumann's and Gounod's.

The appeal of this university is to the whole man—to man as a living, thinking entity. One afternoon a week, mothers are invited to hear lectures on domestic hygiene. It takes in children after school hours, and women and young girls play games with them or teach them some little simple occupation.

When we hear of such activities as these, we divine the charming realism, the gentle and practical solicitude of a woman's heart. And it is indeed a woman to whose creative and vigilant mind this university owes its being. Elaborate encomiums on our part would offend her modesty. It is not I, but the work of her hands, that sings her praises. I know that she does not wish her name to be mentioned, but all of you are whispering that name to yourselves and saying, "It's Madame Horace Weill."

You see clearly that this university is a world in itself—not a very vast one, it is true; not, indeed, big enough, but nevertheless an ordered, organised world; an intellectual, physical and moral world.

Education, moral training, hygiene. And after the theory of hygiene, the university of Montmartre proceeds to the practice of it. It addresses itself to the task of securing for the working classes houses that are at once healthy, convenient and inexpensive. This idea was a natural outcome of the institution, as natural as the fruit that follows the flower.

It was just and necessary that those who had undertaken the education of the working classes should see to it that the people who were to be well taught should be well housed. If manners maketh man, the dwelling maketh morals. How can you expect that people who live six or eight or a dozen—father, mother and children—all tumbling over one another in the same filthy room should exhibit any great squeamishness, or have any very exalted idea of things? And how, without irony, can one offer the splendid treasures of the human mind to creatures devoured by vermin in poisonous hovels

and who, as they sleep, fill their lungs with the poison of typhus and consumption?

If, happily, all workers do not live in such wretched conditions as these, the dwellings which they are able to rent are as often as not inconvenient and unhealthy, and seeing that the more unhealthy and inconvenient they are the more profit their owners get out of them, it would be rash to hope that in the very near future they will be filled with light and air, supplied with hot and cold water, and that the rooms will suddenly increase in cubic space.

To remedy this deplorable state of affairs, great efforts, it must be allowed, have been made. For several years past the building of healthy dwellings has been going on, notably in Paris, at Saint Denis, throughout the whole department of the Seine, at Lyons, and at Mulhouse, by the Cheap Housing Association. And excellent results have been achieved.

The idea which I have brought before you is, therefore, not entirely new. There are no more new ideas in men's minds than there are trees without roots in the ground.

And yet the "Éducation Sociale" aims at doing something different from what has as yet been done. The special and original element in its scheme is the bond pre-existing between the popular university and the hygienic habitation, between mind and matter. Like the Thracian singer, the university of Montmartre builds its walls to the sound of the lyre.

Casting an eye over the general outline of the plan as published, it looks as if the residential quarters of the "Éducation Sociale" were going to be very well arranged. We all know that a wide gap sunders

dreams from realities, and we are not going to delude ourselves that we are going to have another Abbey of Thelema, with its nine thousand three hundred and thirty-two chambers, its staircases of Numidian stone and Serpentine marble, and the Three Graces of its alabaster fountain. But it is to be a vast building, with spacious courtyards, and it will be divided up into a large number of healthy living quarters, with plenty of air and light and water, and with the university lecture-rooms on the ground floor looking out on to the court.

There, I have said enough. On these matters you are about to hear Dr. Léon Petit, you are about to hear M. Frantz Jourdain, who, as you are aware, has a keen insight into all that concerns Art and Life. With an authority and a knowledge to which I cannot pretend, they will explain to you the technical and financial aspects of the undertaking. They will tell you about their resources—and their hopes.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF ÉMILE ZOLA
(CIMETIÈRE MONTMARTRE)
ON THE 5TH OCTOBER, 1902



ENTLEMEN, called upon by the friends of Émile Zola to speak at this graveside, I will in the first place bear witness to the respect and the sorrow they feel for her who, for forty years, was the companion of his life, who shared and lightened the burden of his early struggles, who took joy in his fame and who, when trials and troubles were thick upon him, upheld him with her unwearying devotion.

Gentlemen,

By rendering to Émile Zola, in the name of his friends, the homage which is his due, I shall silence my own grief and theirs. It is not by giving utterance to complaints and lamentations that it becomes us to celebrate those who leave behind them a great memory; it is by giving them, like men, the praise they deserve, it is by setting up the truthful image of their life and work.

Zola's literary achievement is immense. You have just heard the President of the *Société des Gens de Lettres* give an admirable account of its character. You have heard the Minister of Public Instruction pay eloquent testimony to its moral and

intellectual significance. Permit me also, for a moment, to dwell on it in your hearing.

Gentlemen, as we watched the edifice of his labours rising steadily, stone upon stone, we surveyed the grandeur of it with amazement. Some were filled with admiration and astonishment; some there were who praised, and some who blamed. Praise and dispraise were expressed with equal vehemence. The great writer was sometimes assailed (and for this I myself can answer) with reproaches which, though sincere, were nevertheless unjust. Attacks alternated with counter-attacks, invective with vindication, and still the work went steadily on.

To-day, when we survey the completed structure and view its colossal proportions, we can see the spirit which imbues it. It is a wholesome, beneficent spirit. Zola's heart was in the right place. He had the nobility and the simplicity of all great-hearted men. He was profoundly moral. Vice he depicted with a sturdy and a virtuous hand. His apparent pessimism, a sombreness of outlook which flings a shadow over so much of his writings, only half conceals his fundamental optimism, his steadfast faith in the progress of enlightenment and justice. In his novels, which are, properly speaking, essays in sociology, he attacked with vigour and persistency a society that was idle and frivolous, an aristocracy that was degraded and pernicious, he took arms against the prevailing evil of the age, to wit the tyranny of wealth. Democrat though he was, he never stooped to flatter the masses, and he did his best to bring before them the bondage that is born of ignorance, the perils of alcohol, which saps the mind and renders its

addicts the defenceless victims of every kind of oppression, misery and degradation. He attacked the evils of society wherever he found them. Such, then, were the things he hated. In his later works he brought out into deep and clear relief his fervent love of human kind. He essayed to outline and pre-figure a better state of society.

He longed that ever greater and greater numbers should be born to happier conditions. He put his hopes in things of the mind, in the progress of science. He looked to the new world-power, to machinery, to procure for mankind progressive emancipation from the burden of toil.

In this whole-hearted realist we may discover the most ardent idealist. In grandeur of design his work is comparable only to Tolstoi's. His work and the great Russian's are two vast ideal cities that rose to the sound of the lyre at the two extremities of intellectual Europe. Both alike are filled with the spirit of generosity and peace. But Tolstoi's city is the city of resignation, Zola's the city of work.

Zola was still a young man when he conquered fame. His reputation was secure, he was enjoying the fruit of his toil, when suddenly and of his own free will he bade adieu to repose, to the work he loved, to the amenities of a life of lettered ease. Here, beside his tomb, it would be unbecoming to speak save of things grave and serene, or to express aught but what tells of storms overpast and discords resolved in harmony. But you know, Gentlemen, that there is no serenity save in Justice; no repose save in Truth. I am not referring to philosophic truth, which is a subject on which we endlessly dispute, but of that moral truth which we can all

of us grasp, because it is relative, tangible, in tune with our nature and so near to us that a child may touch it. I shall not betray the dictates of justice which command me to praise the things that are worthy to be praised. I will not hide the truth in an ignoble silence. And why should we not speak out? Do they, his slanderers, hold their peace? I will only say what it beseems me to say at this graveside, and I will leave unspoken nothing that should be said.

Since it is incumbent upon me to call to mind the struggle on which Zola embarked in the cause of truth and justice, how is it possible for me to keep silence concerning those men who sought with all their might to compass the ruin of an innocent man, and who, realising that they were lost if he was saved, flung themselves on him, to crush him, with the desperate audacity that is born of fear? How am I to keep them out of the picture when I have to show you Zola confronting them, unsupported and unarmed? Am I to say nothing of the lies they uttered? How then shall I set forth his heroic constancy? That would be to leave his virtues unrecorded. Am I to say no word of the insults and the slanders with which they strewn his path? Then his reward and the honours that came to him must likewise remain unuttered. Shall I not voice their ignominy? Then cannot I sound the pæan of his fame. No! I will have my say.

With the serenity and the firmness which come of looking upon the spectacle of death, I will call back to memory those dark days when Selfishness and Fear were assessors on the councils of the Government. The iniquitous thing was beginning

to be known. But it was felt that the crime was upheld and defended by such great forces, both public and secret, that even the most resolute were compelled to hesitate. Those whose duty it was to speak out held their peace. The finest spirits, who had no fears for themselves, faltered at the prospect of involving their party in fearful risks. Misled by monstrous lies, stirred up by the basest harangues, the masses, believing themselves betrayed, were goaded into fury. Prominent men, leaders of opinion, were too often prone to palliate a crime they felt powerless to destroy. The shadows deepened. There fell an ominous silence. Then it was that Zola wrote to the President of the Republic—wrote that deliberate and terrible letter which denounced the infamy and the crime.

With what howls of execration he was hailed by the criminals themselves, by their base supporters, by their involuntary accomplices, by the united forces of every species of reaction, and by the deluded people, you know well enough. You saw how innocent people, the guileless and pure in heart, joined in with the herd of hired ruffians. You heard the shouts of rage, the murderous cries which followed him even into the Palais de Justice, and echoed in his ears all through that long-drawn trial, when the true facts were wilfully suppressed, when witness after witness was guilty of the grossest perjury, and all the accompaniments of military terrorism were shamelessly employed.

I see here a few men who then stood by his side and shared his perils. Let them say if ever fouler insults were hurled at an upright man. And let them declare how firmly he bore them. Let them bear witness to his unwavering probity, let them

say whether his pity and his gentleness ever faltered, if his constancy ever failed him.

In those days of crime, many a good citizen despaired of his country and foresaw the moral downfall of France. It was not only the republican champions of the existing régime that were cast down. One of its most determined foes, an uncompromising socialist, bitterly exclaimed, "If the country has sunk to these depths of corruption, its filthy ruins are not even fit to serve as a foundation for a new order." Justice, honour, reason—all seemed lost.

Yet all was saved. Zola had not merely laid bare a miscarriage of justice, he had denounced the conspiracy of all the forces of violence and oppression that had united to kill social justice, the republican ideal, and liberty of thought, in France. At the sound of his brave words France had awakened from her sleep.

The consequences of his actions are incalculable. They unfold themselves to-day in might and majesty. No one can predict their ultimate effects; they set on foot a movement of social reform that cannot be arrested. They gave rise to a new order of things, based on a truer ideal of justice and a deeper recognition of the rights common to all men.

Gentlemen, there is but one country in the world in which such great things could be brought to pass. How splendid is the genius of our land; and how fair the spirit of France, that same spirit which, in ages past, taught law and justice to Europe and to the world. France is the home of reason, of the adornments of the mind, of gracious ideas, the land of just magistrates and humane

philosophers, the home of Turgot, Montesquieu, Voltaire and Malesherbes. Zola deserved well of his country when he refused to despair of justice in France.

Let us not pity him because he suffered and endured. Let us envy him. Standing triumphant upon the most stupendous heap of calumny ever reared by the folly, the ignorance and the wickedness of man, his fame is enthroned on inaccessible heights.

Let us envy him. He has done honour to his country and to the world by a monumental life-work and by a great and glorious deed. Let us envy him, for the fates and his great heart won him the proudest of destinies; he was a moment in the universal consciousness.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF PIERRE
LAFFITTE IN THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE-LACHAISE
ON THE 11TH JANUARY, 1903



ENTLEMEN, for the honour conferred upon me by the invitation to speak at this graveside, I am indebted to the broad human sympathy of the Positivists who have chosen, to bid the last farewell of his friends to Pierre Laffitte, one who is a stranger to his teaching, if indeed anyone who lives a thoughtful life to-day can truthfully be called a stranger to Positivism. Are not all the educated minds of our times imbued with the great ideas which Auguste Comte revived, or created and set forth in such a manner as to lend them an added force? Was it not that great philosopher who turned our thoughts from the vain and insubstantial elucubrations of metaphysics? Is it not to him, more than to any other, that we owe our confidence in the experimental method? Is it not from him that we have learned the genealogy of the sciences and the successive stages in man's progress? Finally, do we not owe to him the happy idea of an ethical system based on human solidarity? Even now Positivism has entered deeply into the universal consciousness, and we should look in vain on the

face of the globe for a man of free and independent mind who was not, in some way or other, beholden to the founder of your philosophy and to his early disciples.

At all events, Gentlemen, I shall be able to justify your selection of me, by wholeheartedly associating myself, as I stand here at this graveside, with the veneration which, according to your teaching, should be paid to the meritorious dead.

MM. Émile Corra, Henri Bridges, Auguste Keufer, Massillon Coicou have come here to bear witness, in the name of the whole Positivist world, to the glorious life and achievement of the great man who has just passed from our midst. As I shall speak in the capacity of a friend, I shall offer no excuse for speaking after them, knowing that you hold the things of the heart in equal honour with the things of the mind. I shall simply endeavour to express, in a few words the feelings which the man whom we are mourning inspires in me.

When I came to know Pierre Laffitte he had already accomplished a great part of his life's work. He was getting an old man. But his heart and mind retained all the ardour, all the generosity of youth. He welcomed me with a kindness which I shall always remember. The Positivist leader did not ask for verbal professions of faith. He entertained too high an idea of the doctrine of which he was the trustee to imagine that it was to be attained by any form of emotionalism, by any sudden illumination. His wide sympathy was freely extended to all who had shaken themselves free of the theological yoke, who lived as Positivists although unwitting of their positivism, who preserved their

intellectual integrity as the Emperor Trajan preserved his soul, according to the beautiful legend he was so fond of narrating.

It was especially when he was taking his ease in his own country, the place where he was born, that I had the good fortune to enjoy his intercourse. Every year he used to go down to Beguey, his little native town, seated, vine-crowned, on the banks of the Garonne. To the sound of her mills she nourishes in peace her families of vine-dressers and cask-makers. Many a time I have borne him company, walking amid vineyards red with autumn, along the cheerful highway fringed with poplars, trodden long ago by the poet Ausonius. I seem to see him now amid that distant scene, his white, bushy hair, his bright eyes worn with study, his sun-tanned face ploughed with mighty furrows such as one sees in the portraits of Greek philosophers.

I seem to hear his voice, rough yet musical, clear and articulate, as became a teacher of men.

The appearance of the countryside as it lay unfolded around us, hill upon hill, worn with the patient tillage of its husbandmen, seemed to be in deep harmony with the old Philosopher's mind. In the country, life, which is ordered by the stars in their courses, and by the immemorial tradition of our forefathers, is more regular, more measured and more solemn than in our towns and cities, and we see more clearly, there, how day is linked with day, and generation with generation.

This is perhaps the reason why a philosophy founded on tradition rang out so clearly there. In the course of his walks, one thing would bring up another, and he would speak of Cæsar or Dante, of Diderot or Grety, or discuss the destiny of future

generations. And thus the life of man, so brief even when it reaches its extremest limits, was prolonged by him far into the past and far into the future.

His philosophy was made up of tangible realities, and he lived his philosophy. Never was heard conversation more animated than his. As he always touched on broad human interests, he himself never failed to interest. The abundant outpourings of his mind never wearied his hearers because they gave swift presentation, in quaint and unexpected turns of phrase, to ideas sufficiently sound and solid to hold attention even if they had been set forth with pedantic and systematic deliberation.

In these encounters I often had occasion to admire the simplicity and easy dignity of his demeanour. His behaviour towards women was marked by a respectful courtesy which bespoke the gentleman. He would not have belonged to your school, Gentlemen, had he not entertained a regard for women of distinction.

All of you who enjoyed the acquaintance of Pierre Laffitte are familiar with his manly kindness, his loyalty, his unselfishness, and his gift for friendship. As to the manner in which he reconciled his love of France and his love of humanity as a whole, only those will ask how he contrived to bring this about who are ignorant of the resources of a great intellect and a great heart. Hatred of humanity in general is only engendered in men of narrow or bellicose minds, minds not broad enough to form a conception of the brotherhood of man, minds unable to realise that here on earth the fortunes of any group of people affect, in the long run, the fortunes of the whole human race.

It does not fall to my lot to remind you of the labours of his philosophical apostolate nor to expatiate on the zeal with which he carried on his teaching in the Town Halls of Paris and the surrounding districts, prior to the course he delivered in the Salle Gerson and to taking up his professorship in the Collège de France. Still less would it become me to estimate the value of an intellectual achievement upon which your orators, who speak with an intimate knowledge of their subject, have so eloquently recorded their verdict. Nevertheless one characteristic of his work has so forcibly impressed me that I cannot pass it over without a few brief remarks. I refer to the marked originality which distinguished both his lectures and his written work. It is a proof of the soundness of your doctrine, Gentlemen, that so loyal a disciple should have proved himself so original a thinker.

If, Gentlemen, we would render to Pierre Laffitte a fitting tribute of our veneration, we must bring with us to his grave, like palms and wreaths of flowers, our noblest longings and our loftiest hopes.

Bear with me then, you the witnesses of his life, you who laboured with him and will continue his work hereafter, if I, a stranger, yet linked with you in bonds of sympathy, give utterance here, beside his final resting-place, to an aspiration which I believe to accord with the promptings of your hearts and the dictates of your reason.

I am encouraged to give it expression because the voice of Pierre Laffitte unites with mine to sustain it and exalt its tone. Hear him give voice to one of the dearest and most cherished of his thoughts. Let him say to you here, as he said so often in the course of his mission as a teacher, "It

is necessary that there should be a close alliance between philosophers and the proletariat, a union between mind and power."

What he feared more than anything else was that Positivism, by ceasing to be of service to humanity, should cease to be itself, and that the Church of Auguste Comte should pass through the world like a stranger among strangers.

Since, moreover, Pierre Laffitte went so far as to say that "Positivism, despite its fundamental stability, was not to be regarded as an entirely stationary system," since, in that regard, your ideas coincide with his, since the Positivist spirit, which we may term a profound sense of the relative, can and must be continually creating new relationships with new circumstances as and when they arise, we may indulge the hope that, on some future day, we shall behold your great school of thought joining in ever closer and closer union with the far-reaching movements and enormous efforts of the proletariats of all nations, and taking steps, in accordance with its methods and in its own sphere of activity, to bring about that union among the working classes which will be the guarantee of peace throughout the world. Such is the hope which I deemed might worthily be proclaimed at this graveside.

Farewell, Pierre Laffitte! You live on in the hearts of your friends and your teaching abides among men.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT A MEETING HELD ON BEHALF OF
ARMENIA AND MACEDONIA
ON THE 18TH MARCH, 1903



CITIZYENS, by command of the Red Sultan, three hundred thousand Armenians have been put to death. From the summits of Mount Taurus to the plains of Ararat, an orphaned race lives beneath the shadow of the knife. In Macedonia, within a few hours' journey of Buda-Pesth and Vienna, Turkish soldiers and Turkish Government officials are slaughtering the peasants, whose wives and daughters they have vilely outraged. Such crimes should make Europe burn with shame, and Europe must put them down.

This, compassion impels, and the Treaty of Berlin empowers, us to do.

France sent her battleships to demand, with the thunder of their guns, repayment of Lorando and Tubini. Are our battleships only at the service of Tubini and Lorando?

Shall the Sultan deliver Armenia and Macedonia into the hands of cut-throats and assassins, and shall the Powers look on and make no protest? Are Germany, England and France, his responsible guardians, going to say to him, "You may go on

killing so long as you pay us our money " ? Clever people tell us there are two policies. The policy of prudence and our policy. Our answer to that is that where crime is in question there is but one policy, the policy of humanity.

We are told that we are lacking in caution and reserve. No ; when we foresee the massacres which in a few days will make the whole of Macedonia run with blood, when we cry aloud to those that have ears to hear, warning them that the shadow of the Turkish sword is still hanging over Armenia, we are not lacking in wisdom or in prudence. There is no prudence in hushing up murders or denying their existence ; no prudence in giving a free hand to crime by maintaining an ignoble silence. There is never any wisdom in cowardice.

What sort of wisdom is it that would hold its peace when the blood of the victims cries aloud for vengeance ? Our policy alone is wise, because it is open and frank, and because, if we stray from the path of righteousness, we shall encounter nought save perils and pitfalls.

Our policy alone is the policy of peace, because it is based on the feelings shared by the vast mass of people in all civilised nations, because, throughout the whole world, the people hold war in detestation.

Citoyens, we are concerned with the fate of the Armenians and Macedonians not because they are Christians, but because they are men, and in order that their safety and the peace of the world may be assured, we demand the full and unqualified observance of the Treaty of Berlin.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED IN ROME AT A MEETING OF THE
PRESS ASSOCIATION HELD ON THE 7TH MAY, 1903,
ON BEHALF OF ARMENIA AND MACEDONIA



LADIES and Gentlemen, if I have the honour to be among you here, if I have been invited, here in the Hall of your Association, to take my stand with the journalists of Rome, it is in my capacity as editor of *Pro Armenia*, the humble defender of a noble cause, a very little newspaper founded in Paris by Pierre Quillard, with the aid of Francis de Pressensé, Jean Jaurès and Clemenceau. And my first duty, a duty most gratifying to me to perform, is to greet my confrères of the Eternal City.

And now, Gentlemen, suffer me to tell you how great is my love for Italy, and how deep the veneration which I feel for Rome. The few brief hours which are vouchsafed me here are rich in incomparable pleasures. In Rome the course of life flows on like a river, full and calm and deep, rich in the glories of a splendid past. Here, beneath the shadow of your ruins of brick and marble, olive-crowned, how can one help calling to mind the centuries when the overwhelming majesty of the Pax Romana enfolded all the earth, and how can

one behold without a thrill the renaissance of Rome and the ever-growing prosperity of a free Italy? From whatsoever land we come, whatsoever be the tongue we speak, who could forbear to murmur,—you will pardon the uncouthness of the accent,—the words of your old historian: *Roma pulcherrima rerum?*

And contemplating the memorials of your ancient glories, what Frenchman could ever feel himself a stranger in your midst, beholding as he does the relics of the Great Mother of all Latin nations? Wandering among your storied streets and squares we are continually brought face to face with the vestiges of power and glory. But of all these memories, perhaps the one that chiefly calls for admiration, the one, at least, which it best befits us to remember here, is the gesture of peace with which, from the summit of the Capitol, your Emperor Marcus Aurelius calmed the uproar of the tumultuous Barbarians.

A gesture something akin to that you too, Gentlemen, have come here to perform. True, it is not in your power to restore tranquillity to a whole world merely by stretching forth an arm, after the manner of the imperial philosopher. But at any rate you have come together here in this hall to strive with such forces as you wield—and they are by no means inconsiderable—to strengthen the foundations of European peace; for the question at issue here is something more than the sufferings of Macedonia and the martyrdom of Armenia. It is the moral union, the intellectual solidarity of Europe that is at stake. The eminent principal of your School of Anthropology, Professor Sergi, has just told you, in a speech of inspiring eloquence,

how the cause of the Armenians has been brought before all the capitals in Europe. This winter it has been pleaded in Paris. In my country, divided though it now is by the merciless conflict of two rival political parties, the most determined adversaries laid aside their quarrels in order to espouse with one accord the cause of the unhappy Armenians.

Loris Melikoff, whom you see here, summoned a conference, Loris Melikoff, the Armenian, who upholds the great name he bears with all the energy of his great heart. At the vast gathering that assembled in answer to his appeal, MM. Lerolle and Cochin, and the Citoyens Jaurès and Pressensé, standing side by side, protested against the atrocities committed by the murderous Sultan under the very eyes of Europe, Europe that looked basely on and ignobly held her peace, and they demanded that the Treaty of Berlin should be carried out in its entirety.

Such a union as this, of men of heart and feeling, for the accomplishment of a generous and a necessary act, will be brought about as readily, Gentlemen, in Italy here as it was in France. All the noble and magnanimous elements in Roman life will unite in a single humane and pacific aim; the men of high distinction in politics and journalism whom I see assembled here are the certain guarantees of that.

Nor will they be satisfied with vain desires or uttering unavailing laments. What you will demand, and what we have demanded, is something definite, legal and practical. It is the full and complete carrying out of the Treaty of Berlin. That Treaty sets up Europe as the guardian of the Turkish Empire. Is it possible that Europe should

say to the Red Sultan, "You may kill but you must pay"? Can it be that Europe, Turkey's responsible guardian, Europe who doubts not that her treaty rights fully justify her in taking steps to recover by force payments that have fallen into arrear at Constantinople, nevertheless considers herself unable to raise a finger to prevent the massacre of three hundred thousand of the Sultan's subjects? "The people of Europe only care about money"—that is the sort of thing we shall hear from those egregious cynics who pique themselves on their superior wisdom.

Well, Gentlemen, the wholesale butchery of a nation is a matter that has its economical and financial side.

By insisting on the integral execution of the Treaty of Berlin, you will not only be bringing Armenia back to life, but you will be reaping for the different European countries, and particularly for Italy, unquestionable economic advantages, since if Turkey is subjected to European control, commerce will have an opportunity of free development within her borders.

Public opinion is a great force. In our times, and in one part of Europe, it is the greatest force of all. If public opinion in Italy unites with that of the other civilised peoples, and if, thus united, they all make a joint and determined effort, there is good ground for hoping that we shall see the foundation of a system of international law, as, a century ago, we beheld that of civil law.

There I will stop. M. Barsilai, who is entitled to speak with high authority, will define for you the nature of the task you are invited to perform. As for myself, if your indulgence will permit me,

your guest of a day, to open my heart to you, I will avow that nothing could give me a sweeter satisfaction than to see the mind of Italy and the mind of France addressing themselves in unity to a task of wisdom and humanity.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE COMICE DE ROME
ON BEHALF OF ARMENIA AND MACEDONIA
ON THE 21ST MAY, 1903



ENTLEMEN, in obedience to the invitation of your distinguished president, Professor Sergi, I must needs rise to address this meeting, and following upon the words of your revered fellow-citizen Angelo de Gubernatis, speak to you as a guest and a friend. You will, I am sure, incline a kindly ear to the sound of the sister tongue. The language of Italy and the language of France are twin sisters. For we, as well as you, have sucked the milk of the wolf, and it is with emotions of filial respect that I salute this City of Rome, the august Mother of Nations.

Yesterday, Gentlemen, I was wandering in the Forum, where, for century upon century, the fortunes of the world were debated. And there to-day, amid the ruins of temples, basilicas and triumphal arches, grow young myrtles entwined with the laurels of Apollo. These marble sculptures, these verdurous branches, are symbols of your memories and of your hopes. And as I gazed on them, full of thoughts of your splendid past, I beheld a free Italy, an unfettered Rome, flowering anew in a peaceful Europe.

I come, Gentlemen, under the auspices of the Armenian patriot Loris Melikoff, and side by side with him, to invite your support in a task which concerns the rights of man and the peace of the world. I come to proclaim the cause of Armenia, not to an Italy that is dead, but to an Italy that is living. To realise how jealous you are to avenge outrages inflicted on your fellow men and what generous compassion you lavish on those who have suffered wrong, there is no need for me to delve into the past, no need even to recall the great man of whom your minds are full, the generous defender of the people's righteous cause, I mean Garibaldi, who strove to free Italy from the bonds of tyranny and France from the hopelessness of defeat.

Filing along beneath the Column of Trajan I beheld an endless procession of citizens who, in solemn silence, were bearing to Giacomo d'Angelo wreaths of roses intertwined with iris. Before me, there, a vision passed by bearing funeral flowers, a vision of *Roma Reparatrix*, Rome the healer of wrongs. The memory of this sight, which fills me with admiration, encourages me to speak to you of the Armenian martyrs.

Gentlemen, I am a stranger among you, I am your guest, and I know how to behave. I shall not say a word that would so much as make it seem for a moment that I was touching on your country's business, or concerning myself with matters whereof you alone can judge. But seeing that, whether we be Italians, or whether we be French, we are at all events men, there is one policy which we can and ought to pursue together. It is the policy of humanity.

There is a monster, one who is all-powerful, yet

a trembling coward ; who turns pale at the thought of his crimes, and seeks to allay his terrors by committing still more crimes. He is the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II, and from 1893 to 1896 he has hanged and quartered and burned alive three hundred thousand Armenians. And ever since then, with a loathsome instinct of self-preservation, he has proceeded with the systematic extermination of this orphaned nation.

You know that by reason of their intelligence and their activity the Armenians are capable of doing wonders to facilitate the intercourse of Europe and Asia, and that their historic mission is to exchange the products of those two parts of the world.

Professor Angelo de Gubernatis has just told you they have brought European civilisation to dwell among them. In the times of the Cæsars, their Kings visited Rome, and under the Empire they sent their youths to be trained in the schools of your rhetoricians. In the Middle Ages, they entered into commercial treaties with Sicily, they made covenants with the Republics of Venice and Genoa. Right down to the eighteenth century they carried on a great trade with the West. Since those days they have declined, worn out by the extremity of their sufferings, till now at length they are threatened with extinction beneath the knife of the Kurds. Let them merely be suffered to live, and they will again become what once they were, the most active agents of European civilisation in the East. One of their countrymen, the patriot Loris Melikoff, is here to present their petition.

It is, Gentlemen, no hazardous adventure on which the Armenians invite you to embark, in order

to bring to pass some chimerical dream. They are not asking you to bestow on them a country, a fatherland. They are not asking you to carve them out a portion from the living flesh of the Turk. All they entreat is that the undertakings on their behalf entered into by the Great Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin should, after all this while, be carried out to the full.

This claim it is, this just claim, which by the lips of one of their own people they would now bring to your ears.

It is true that their lot depends on what we call the chancelleries of Europe, and that the cause of a martyred people has no other judges save the diplomats. But a power has been born in the world. That power is public opinion, and sometimes the wind of it gets through the closed doors and stirs the green carpets of diplomatic council-chambers.

Gentlemen, you represent here the public opinion of your country. In this democratic age, you are, morally, for a day, the "curia maxima."

Clause 61 of the Treaty concluded at Berlin on the 13th July between the Great Powers and Turkey provides as follows:

"The Sublime Porte promises to carry out without further delay the improvements and reforms called for by local needs in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their safety against the Circassians and the Kurds. It will from time to time give notice of the measures taken to the Powers, who shall see that they are duly applied."

The execution of this clause will, by safeguarding the tranquillity of Armenia and Macedonia, deliver Europe from the ceaseless anxiety associated with

what we have for a long time been accustomed to call the Eastern Question.

Gentlemen, I will not now detain you longer. It is not mine to dictate to you your line of action. I can but add my prayers to the counsels of those entitled to address you with authority, in the hope that at Rome, as at Milan, Genoa, Brussels, Paris and Geneva, the voice of public opinion should demand the unconditional execution of the Treaty of Berlin as the surest means of safeguarding the lives of millions of people and consolidating the peace of Europe. You have permitted a Frenchman to join with you in giving utterance to an aim which unites us all in the bonds of human sympathy. Gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE
OF ERNEST RENAN AT TRÉGUIER
ON THE 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1903



ADIES and Gentlemen, I am deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon me in being thus accorded the privilege of paying to the memory of Ernest Renan the tribute of the radicals of Brittany, and of adding, at this festival of intellectual enlightenment, these words of mine to the words of the distinguished man whose oration you have just applauded. Berthelot, Renan! I pronounce your names in one breath, so that each may do mutual honour to the other. Worthy indeed of our admiration are you both, who, stationed at the two extremities of the realm of science, have notably extended its frontiers. Whilst, on the one hand, Renan, with unrivalled perspicacity and rare intellectual courage, was applying to the study of language and religion the principle of historic criticism, you, Berthelot, by countless experiments, always delicate and often dangerous, were demonstrating the unity of the laws which govern matter and tracing the connection between chemical energy and the laws of mechanics. Thus both of you brought the light of knowledge into uncharted regions and won for

the human intellect, in its struggle against the *larvæ* and phantoms of ignorance, a conquest of immense importance.

This reflection, Gentlemen, brings me to the very heart of my subject. Renan's mind was one of those that are swift to recognise the difficulties of belief. When he was quite young and still a student in the seminary, he adumbrated in his own mind a whole philosophy of the sciences. Of Lamarck and Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, he had not so much as heard. Darwin had not as yet published his *Origin of Species*. Discarding the story of the Creation as set forth in the old cosmogonies as mere childish fable, he himself, with none to prompt or guide him, conceived the theory of universal transformation, the doctrine of ceaseless evolution. From that time forth the foundations of his belief never altered. In point of fact Renan, in the whole course of his life, changed but little. Such people as held him to be fickle and unstable had not given themselves the trouble to explore his intellectual world. He resembled the country in which he was born; the clouds drove swiftly across a restless sky, but the soil was of granite and the oaks that grew thereon were deeply rooted. When he was twenty-six, on the morrow of the February revolution which sowed in his mind the seed of so many hopes and so many illusions, he set forth the whole of his philosophy in a work entitled *The Future of Science*, which he afterwards used to call his *Old Pouranas*, meaning to say that it was a collection of his early and cherished beliefs, the earliest incarnation of his friendly divinities. Save that the book is somewhat unjustifiably optimistic and that it lacks the mellowness of his maturer work, you

may find the complete Renan within it, Renan the votary of science looking for the coming of its kingdom and through it, for the salvation of the world.

His earliest contributions to linguistic and critical science were an *Essay on the Origin of Language*, a monograph on *Averroes and Arab Philosophy in the Middle Ages*, and a *General History of the Semitic Languages*, the preliminary draft of which dates back to 1847. Gentlemen, I am not going to display to your gaze the titles of Renan's numerous works like the banners and tablets borne in some triumphal procession. If I call to memory the works he produced in his young days, it is but to show that at twenty-five he was in plenary possession of his method and his philosophy. For him, history is wholly and solely the science of shifting phenomena, and, to his mind, all things are moving and undergoing perpetual change. "Languages," he says, "being the immediate outcome of the human consciousness, and, with it, undergoing ceaseless modification, the true theory of languages is, in a sense, nothing more than the history of their development. And, somewhere else, he says," "The science of literatures and philosophies is the history of literatures and philosophies; the science of the human mind is the history of the human mind." From the very outset of his intellectual career, we find him emancipated from all scientific dogmatism.

You are aware, Gentlemen, how he was led by his philological and historical studies to begin his researches into the origins of Christianity. He entered upon this great task with the serene spirit of the true scientific inquirer. "Religions," he told

himself, "are facts; they must be discussed as facts, and subjected to the rules of historical criticism." He exhibited a union of all the qualities necessary to the religious historian. Knowledge both extensive and profound, a kindly philosophy, a reverence for truth, that insight into the human mind and character which mere learning cannot give but which, in him, had the unerring nature of an instinct, a respect for the illusions that console, a natural faculty for understanding, and an affectionate indulgence for the errors and failings of simple folk.

Moreover, his early upbringing had left him with a very high sense of the moral value of Christianity. How sympathetically disposed he was towards it, is apparent in his inquiry into its origins. With what tender care he handles those documents and how obvious is his anxiety to give historical sanction to everything (and more than everything) that seemed to merit it!

Where Strauss saw nothing but myths, Renan, with equal eagerness and sincerity, did his utmost to trace the vestiges of an authentic story. Nay, better, he conjured up from them living narratives and painted pictures in fresh and lovely hues. He drew a winning portrait of the Nazarene and shed around it the lingering fragrance of a faith from which the life had fled. The Galilean idyll filled him with delight, even its communistic spirit which, in other settings, was little to his taste. He gave a touch of gentleness to his pictures of the Holy Women, the boatmen, the publicans, the lowly folk who followed in the Master's train. Rich were the stores of tenderness he harboured for the men of those apostolic days.

The Voltaire school of criticism would have it that fraud played a large part in the foundation of religions. The philosophers of the eighteenth century, too ready to hold that man is everywhere and always the same, were given to looking on the Apostles as a pack of cunning and unscrupulous friars.

Not so Renan and his school. They had the gift of recognising and tracing obscure conditions of consciousness, and they explained what the Voltaireans called fraud as the delusions of a morbid religious imagination. Renan, who had travelled in Syria, formed the opinion that those Jewish enthusiasts must have lived in a world of perpetual illusion. Doubtless legerdemain and juggling, all the thaumaturgic apparatus of the Early Church, which seemed so ridiculous to a man of culture such as Lucian, was not precisely to his taste. He cannot quite conceal that it put him a little out of countenance. He does not linger over these regrettable practices any longer than his honesty as a historian compels him to do, and if they are not without their effect in influencing his judgments on the social customs of the people as a whole, he does not appear to have concentrated his blame on any single individual.

A little while ago, Gentlemen, I had the rare pleasure of conversing with an Eastern prince of signal intellectual attainments, a prince whose youth had been passed in a land where the creative energy of the religious spirit, not yet exhausted, still produces prophets, apostles and martyrs.

He inquired of me, with scarcely feigned surprise and with a characteristic air of Oriental superiority, how it came about that the West had no prophets,

whereas the East produced them by tens of thousands.

"To-day, as in times long past," he said, "throughout the length and breadth of Islam, we meet with prophets—in the bazaars, in barbers' shops, at the street corners where the wandering dogs howl. And the Europeans cannot discover a single one, although they have the greater need of them. Take the French, for example. What an excellent thing it would be for them if Monsieur Combes were a prophet!"

We spoke of the dead gods and the living gods. I listened with singular attention to this Oriental who knows how religions are made, who has carefully noted the process of their manufacture, and who has quite possibly made one himself. Doubtless he did not reveal to me all that was in his mind, but I learnt from him that three things are necessary in the making of a religion. To begin with, a general idea of extreme simplicity, a social idea; secondly, an ancient liturgy of immemorial usage, into which the idea in question is introduced. For it is to be noticed that a growing cult always borrows its religious furniture from the reigning cult, and that new religions are for the most part little else but heresies. Thirdly (and this avowal I extracted pretty easily), you must have some sleight of hand, that sort of skill in conjuring which in this old Europe of ours we call Magic for the Young. And now, after listening to what this religious and intelligent prince had to say, I am not so sure whether sometimes the new school has not been rather too ready to relegate the miracle to the twilight regions of nervous pathology; whether sometimes we ought not to admit the hypothesis of

conscious fraud; whether, in a word, we ought not, in this as in many other matters, to make Voltaire and Renan mutually correct one another.

The *Life of Jesus* made its appearance on the 24th June, 1863. It drew down upon its author's head an appalling tempest of invective and vituperation. The whole Church thundered. He had foreseen the storm. He had sought neither to attract nor avert it. He made it a point of honour to say what he believed to be the truth. His invariable maxim was, "It is not lawful for a scientist to concern himself with the consequences that may result from his investigations."

A lofty vindication, that, of the rights of Science, a just view of intellectual duty. How often have we not seen philosophers and scientists, for lack of observing this rule, becoming the accomplices of error and falsehood and ignorant prejudice, betraying the cause of truth! "I would fain speak," one of them would say, "but I cannot; to do so would be to undermine the foundations of human society and to delve an unfathomable abyss." And another would declare with all the energy of weakness that, if he knew the secret of the universe, he would never reveal a grain of it for fear of unsettling the conscience of some shepherd on the mountains, of some sailor on the sea. Nay, we can go farther than that, for we have seen grave and thoughtful men, men emancipated from every sort of creed—unbelievers in a word—making profession of a gloomy Catholicism for the safeguarding of our social and political institutions.

Renan, heedless alike of the threats of the great and the complaints of the humble, proceeded to the fulfilment of his task. In one of the noblest and

greatest books ever written, a monument alike of the austere probity and the loftiest genius, he shed the light of history on the obscure beginnings of the Christian faith. He showed us the Primitive Church of Jesus, persecuted by Jerusalem orthodoxy; the missions of Saint Paul, which were barren of effect save upon a few little Jewish settlements that had made their home in Greece; Christianity's quiet and unnoticed entry into Rome, where it soon had the incomparable good fortune to be persecuted by Nero, to find in Nero the enemy of Jesus, the Antichrist, and to appear, all at once, and to remain for centuries, the champion of Good against Evil. Then he depicts for us the destruction of Jerusalem which obstinately persisted in giving to the world a God whom it denied, and which, by dying, delivered the Church from a hostile mother. Then he showed us how the next Christian generation stabilised the Christian legend and, in place of the primitive community, set up the priestly hierarchy. He brought his history down to the time when the Church had become possessed of its sacred books, the germ of its dogmas, the earliest form of its liturgy; and he concluded it with the death of Marcus Aurelius, which marked the demise of the ancient world.

This book reveals to us how Christianity owed its triumph to the very lowliness of its origin. Rome extends her beneficent sway over the whole of the known world. Mightier in peace than in war, she governs her provinces with sovereign wisdom. She maintains the safety of sea routes and highways, the tranquillity of the rural districts and the peace and good order of her towns and cities. Everywhere she builds aqueducts, baths

and theatres. She respects, throughout the whole extent of the Empire, the customs and religions of the people composing it. Endowed with an admirable political sense, she identified the gods of the Greeks and the barbarians with the gods which she herself worshipped. She paid honour in the cities of Greece to the statues and symbols of liberty, and the nations, in their gratitude, erected temples in Rome, their guardian city. But there were millions of slaves and wretched folk who had no share in her benefits. She knew them not. Victorious, the bringer of peace, proud of her orators and of her legions, she looked with disdain on the artisan, and on all those lowly folk whose task it is to produce or to distribute the necessaries of life. She despised all those that laboured with their hands, and looked down on all manner of trade as unworthy of a citizen. She employed whole armies of slaves to do her service; calculating and cruel, she taught them nought, unless it were a wholesome fear of punishment. She saw without misgiving the filth and wretchedness of the East gnawing like a leprosy at the banks of the Tiber. There the Jews, the spawn of Pompey's captives and the ever-increasing hordes of Syrians, Chaldeans and Egyptians supported their miserable existence by discharging the most menial of tasks—unloading barges, bartering matches for broken glass, selling rags and refuse. Their women-folk would go and tell fortunes in the houses of the rich; their children went begging barefooted among the groves of Egeria. With pitiless and indiscriminating severity, Rome repressed all turbulence and rioting. With the blows of their staves her lictors settled their quarrels concerning a certain Chrestus; then this

same Rome, guardian of the world, contemptuously left them to rot in squalor and infamy. She made no effort to mitigate their ills; she never sought to win them to herself. She taught them nothing that was Roman; she learned from them nothing that was human. She knew nought of their humble minds, nought of their faith, nought of their hopes and fears. They were the dregs of humanity, the refuse of the nations, these Jews of the Janiculan. In their abject wretchedness and destitution nothing was left to them save their dreams. But their dreams were to change the face of the world. From the infamous Suburra, from slave compounds, quarries and prisons, was to arise the Church which Constantine would one day enthrone in purple, which should drag from the Curia the statue of Liberty and which, reared in majesty upon the ruins of fallen Rome, would bid defiance to the Cæsars of Germany and extend her feet to receive the kiss of kings and emperors.

All the powers of the earth grow great in an atmosphere of persecution. Let the rulers of the people cast their eyes downwards, let them make search among the masses whom they oppress and the doctrines which they despise; 'tis thence will arise the force that will humble them to the dust.

Christianity triumphed. But its victory was won in obedience to the conditions to which all political and religious parties are necessarily subservient. All alike, whatever their nature, undergo such a complete transformation in the struggle that, after the victory, nought remains to them of what they were but their name and a few symbols of their vanished ideals.

Paul built his churches at Corinth and Ephesus.

It was by proclaiming the end of the world, the conflagration of the universe, by calling on men to renounce the ties that bound them to the family, to the State and to the world, that he founded and endowed with twenty centuries of life a dogmatic, moral and social organisation more completely opposed to his own ideals of mysticism and apostolic poverty than were the mysteries and Eastern cults from which, in horror, he exhorted his little band of sainted women and ignorant Jews to turn away.

But I will forbear to enlarge here, in the presence of this statue, upon the subject of Christianity. It were useless to bring owls to Athens. When he had completed his great work and composed the seven volumes of his *Origins*, Renan, now an old man and a prey to symptoms that warned him of his approaching end, took upon himself another task big enough to occupy a lifetime, but one for which his studies and meditations had already prepared him. He undertook, in a word, to write a history of the people of Israel, and thus form a link between the growth of Christianity and the growth of Judaism. The historical and religious destiny of Israel—what a subject there for this great student of the ceaseless interaction of national characteristics and the eternal metamorphoses of ideas!

Israel's earliest conceptions were the Elohim, monotonous images of the desert; its soul, arid as the desert itself, was unable to endow each of these spirits with a distinct form. Its inability to represent the diversity of nature by a diversity of symbols led it to make itself one single god, and thus establish a reputation for religious originality among

races more richly endowed than itself with imagination and philosophic ideas.

Jehovah, the god of Israel, led for a long time the life of the tent-dweller. He was a nomad and a patriarch. He loved the flocks and herds. And peace dwelt in his heart.

Later on, when his people decided to seek a land in which to settle, his character underwent a change. Patriotism made him fierce and bloodthirsty. He fell to quarrelling with the gods of other nations, Moloch and Khamos, who resembled him like brothers, and were no less savage than he. His sole delight was in massacre and wars of extermination. He was for ever getting detestable whims into his head. One day, when going a journey, his Ark, or Tabernacle of his wandering divinity, nearly fell to the earth. A willing hand rushed to save it. Jehovah, in a fit of passion, slew the man. In short, he was, as Renan said, "an abominable creature." But the prophets of Israel will make of this cruel and stupid divinity a just god. In the two last centuries of the Jewish royal house, and during the Babylonian captivity, Israel proclaimed by the mouth of its prophets its thirst for justice. "Let righteousness," she cried, "jet forth like the waters of the fountains and justice like an ever-flowing river." What time Rome was achieving the conquest of the world, the Jews were lifting up their voices imploring mercy for the oppressed, crying aloud for the coming of the Messiah who should bring about the reign of peace on earth, promising to the gentle-hearted a kingdom in this world, and proclaiming to the poor that they should see God. Jehovah had become the champion of

the weak, the avenger of persecuted innocence, and the birth of Jesus was at hand.

The pages wherein Renan shows us the prophets constructing piece by piece the God who was to conquer the world are among the most beautiful he ever wrote. He completed the fifth and last volume of the *History of Israel* on the 24th October, 1891. His life and his life's work were now virtually over. He gave utterance to the contentment he felt, now that his task was done, in words which I feel I must quote, because they show that neither age nor infirmity had in any way dimmed the uncompromising sense of duty which was the mainspring of his conduct in life :

"If I were to die to-morrow, the work, with the aid of a good proof-reader, could be carried through. The arch of the bridge which it remained for me to build between Judaism and Christianity has been completed. In the *Life of Jesus* I tried to describe how the Galilean tree grew in majesty from the lowest roots to the topmost crest where the birds of the air sing their song. In the volume which I finished last summer, I think I succeeded in showing the nature of the soil in which the roots of Jesus were planted. And so my main task is accomplished. At the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, my work on the Rabbis is also nearing its end, and the *Corpus inscriptionum semiticarum* is in excellent hands. All this gives me an inward feeling of deep satisfaction, and now I am beginning to think that, having discharged all my obligations, I have a right to amuse myself a little."

What a lofty sense of duty within; and what wonderful orderliness without! His *History of Israel* is finished, his contribution to the literary

history of France has been duly completed, the *Corpus* is in good hands, and now Renan turns to meet his end with a smile.

The *Corpus* was the work he thought most about. He was already advanced in years when he said to his daughter, "I should like to have two separate tables, one for my historical work, the other for the *Corpus*." We do not know whether he had his way. But we do know that at the *Académie des Inscriptions* Renan zealously attended the meetings held in connection with the great work in Epigraphy of which he was the moving spirit. According to our friend Armand Dayot, the author of *The Origin of Christianity* and of so many other great works used to say sometimes, "Of all the tasks that I have done, the *Corpus* is my favourite work."

"I should like to amuse myself a little." Thus he wrote, with all the satisfaction arising from a task well done. The amusements to which he devoted the tranquil evening of his days were those profound and charming books—dialogues, table talk, philosophic dramas—in which his powerful and striking ideas were clothed in such graceful vesture, in which he told his unknown friends of the fears, the hopes, the doubts which possessed him, in which he expounded his philosophy and made his confession of faith. As in 1848, so in 1891, he firmly believed that the Future belonged to Science and Reason.

His moral philosophy was that of the perfect scientific investigator. He held that the highest use to which a man could devote his life was to probe the secrets of the Universe. Just as the mystic aspires to lose himself in God, he aspired to lose himself in Science. He loved humanity,

because humanity was the parent of Science. He adhered strictly to the moral law, because none but the moral could be strictly scientific. His politics were based on his moral ideas. In his eyes, that government was the best which was the most favourable to the advancement of science. But there his difficulties commenced, and, seeing that he was a thoroughly honest man, politics worried him a great deal. It is an inexact science, and it has made no progress since the days of Aristotle. Renan expressed his doubts and difficulties concerning these matters in two philosophic plays, *Caliban* and the *Fountain of Youth*.

The form of government which pleased him best was not, if the truth must be told, a democracy. It was an aristocracy of a very special and peculiar kind, because the ruler of it, himself a scholar, chooses a scholar for his prime minister. This ruler is called Prospero, and Renan follows Shakespeare in endowing him with high moral and intellectual gifts. On the other hand, Renan, still following Shakespeare, is mistrustful of Caliban, of Caliban the son of Sycorax, with his pointed ears and gorilla cranium. He is misshapen and hairy. He represents the ignorant masses. Renan wanted Caliban to wait for his ears to get shorter and his brain to be enriched with fresh convolutions before assuming the reins of government. But Caliban did not wait. He overthrew Prospero and usurped his place. Renan made the best of it and did not pine for Prospero's restoration.

"I love Prospero," said he, "but I do not care much for the people who want to see him back on his throne. Taking it on the whole, Caliban is more useful to us than Prospero would be if he

were brought back to power by the Jesuits and the pontifical legions. As things are to-day, Prospero's government would not be a renaissance, it would be a strait-jacket." "No," he concluded; "let us stick to Caliban."

Rather than sacrifice Science to Democracy, Renan would have sacrificed Democracy to Science; but as soon as he saw that Science stood a better chance with Caliban than with Prospero, he chose Caliban. These plays in which he smilingly set forth the difficulties of politics are models of grace, irony and delicate finish.

We shall never find any words or expressions simple enough to praise the Art of Renan. It is the very perfection of simplicity. He mistrusted eloquence, and rhetoric he looked on with abhorrence. His flowing diction resembles less the speech of the Latins than of the Greeks, which is by far more delicate and almost impossible to imitate. Like the Greeks, he always avoided emphasis and declamation. Art he put into all his books, since into all of them he put order, and since he always suited his style to his subject and always subordinated the parts to the whole. But the book in which his art reveals its greatest charm, a charm which all may recognise and which the initiate hold beyond all price, is the *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, a book of memoirs which gleam amid the rest of his works like the golden flowers that shine upon the rocks of Brittany. Of all his books it is the most lovable, because he has put more of himself into it than into any of the others. We see him there as he really was, a very great and generous soul. He loved his people and they loved him.

the ill that was wrought him he never gave a second thought. To him we may aptly apply the following line of Sophocles :

“ I was born to partake of love, not hate.”

Such was the man upon whom, for half a century, the Church poured forth a torrent of insult and abuse. He bore it all with cheerful serenity. In one of his prefaces to the *Life of Jesus* he said :

“ I write in order to set forth my ideas to those who seek the truth. As for the people who, in the interests of their beliefs, will have it that I am an ignoramus, a deceiver, a perverter of the truth, I shall make no attempt to correct the unflattering notion they have of me. If there are pious folk whose peace of mind requires that they should hold this view, I should not have it in my heart to disabuse them.”

He expected that his death would be narrated in pious legends with a great abundance of horrible detail, like the stories circulated by the Church concerning the last moments of Arius and Voltaire. “ Heavens, how black they will paint me ! ” he cried, with a humorous assumption of horror.

He was not deceived. Only this morning you have seen how determined are the eternal enemies of Science and Reason to blacken his character. It would be treason to his memory to defend it by returning insult for insult. We will not attack the Church. Nay, better, we will not judge her as severely as she judges herself when she proclaims herself unchangeable. We would fain believe that she is growing gentler with age. Do not listen to her. She is more accommodating than she says,

she is more humane than she would have us believe. Of her old habits, it is true, she still retains a mania for blazing out in endless explosions of invective, but note that even this is a moral progress, and that she did far worse in days gone by. It won't hurt us to leave her free to hurl her anathemas and excommunications to her heart's content. Let her launch her thunderbolts, provided that they are spiritual thunderbolts, and that the State does not have to pay for the damage.

Gentlemen, it was not without good reason that the sculptor whose work has just been unveiled in your presence has represented Pallas Athene side by side with Renan. As Homer tells us, Athene is wont to come down from the deeps of heaven to hold converse with the mortals who are dear to her. Many a time did she visit Ulysses, he who had greatly suffered and whom she loved because he had a subtle mind. But the hero did not realise at once that it was she, and displayed a lack of confidence. Once upon a time, on the shores of Ithaca, she rebuked him gently and said :

“Didst thou then not recognise Pallas Athene, who is always by thee and guards thee in all thy adventures?”

Whereto the hero made this answer, in which we discover a deeper significance than the son of Laertes designed to convey :

“Hard it is, goddess, for a mortal man that meets thee to discern thee, howsoever wise be he.”

Just as, long ago, by the margin of the blue Ægean, which witnessed the birth of Science and Beauty, so now by the shores of the sombre ocean which mingled its murmurs with the dreams of a

long-suffering people, Pallas Athene holds converse with an earthly friend, and thus she says :

“ I am Wisdom. It is difficult for men, be they never so gifted, to recognise me at first sight, for I am veiled, and clouds encompass me about, and like unto the skies I am stormy and serene. But thou, my gentle Celt, thou didst ever seek me with diligence, and whensoever thou camest face to face with me thou didst essay with all thy heart and with all thy mind to scan my countenance. All that thou didst write, O poet, concerning me is true. The Greek genius drew me down from my skiey home to tread the earth, and when that genius was no more, I mounted heavenward again. The Barbarians, who overran the world made orderly by my laws, knew nought of symmetry, nought of harmony. They were afraid of Beauty ; they looked upon it as an evil thing. When they saw that I was fair, they could not believe that I was wise. They drove me from their midst. But when, after a darkness that endured for ten centuries, there uprose the dawn of the Renaissance, I descended again to earth. I visited the humanists and the philosophers in their cells, where they hoarded their few precious books, out of sight, in the depths of their coffers. I went among the painters and sculptors in their workrooms, which were but humble craftsmen’s shops. Some there were who chose to be burnt at the stake rather than disavow me, while others, following the example of Erasmus, armed themselves with irony against the stupidity of their adversaries. One of them, a monk, laughed sometimes so loud and rude a laugh as he told his tales of giants that my ears would have been offended

thereby, had I not remembered that Folly is sometimes the soundest Wisdom. By slow degrees my followers grew in number and in strength. The French were the first to raise altars in my honour. For a full hundred years their story is the story of their love for me.

“ Since then, when Thought, in its airier regions, attained its freedom, I have never ceased to receive the homage of scholars, artists, and philosophers. But thou it was, methinks, who paid me a worship which was at once the most loving and the most austere; ’twas from thee that there were borne to me the purest and the most fervent prayers. There, on my sacred Hill, before the ruins of my Parthenon, thou didst hail me in the loveliest language ever uttered in this world, since the days when my bees smeared with their honey the lips of Sophocles and Plato.

“ The Immortals owe more than we think to those who worship them. That is a mystery whereof thou hadst the key. The gods receive their nourishment from men. They live upon the smoke that mounts upward from the victim’s blood. By this it behoves thee to understand that their substance is compounded of all the thoughts, of all the emotions of mankind. The beneficent gods are nourished by the offerings of men of good will. On the dark sacrifices of ignorance and hate the cruel gods grow fat. This thou hast said, and it is true: the gods are no more deathless than men. Some there are who live for two thousand years; no long period if we compare it with the age of the earth or the existence of the human race; it is but an imperceptible moment in the life of the universe. In

two thousand years those suns that sped forth so eagerly on their journey through space seem hardly to have moved at all.

"I, Pallas Athene, the grey-eyed goddess, owe it to thee that I still live on. But 'tis little enough to prolong one's days. I pity those gods who, amid the fading odours of a few last grains of incense, wan and forlorn, drag out the remnant of their last sad days. But thou didst make me lovelier than ever I was before; aye, and greater. Thou madest me strong with thy strength, and with thy teaching. And because of thee and of those who are like to thee, my mind waxed ever broader, till at length it was able to comprehend the universe of Kepler and Newton.

"I was born with wisdom as my birthright, among the light-hearted sons of Hellas. Long since, in the days of my youth, I had discovered many of the laws of life, whose existence the New God, who drave me forth, never so much as guessed at. But the world was small in those days. The sun was no bigger than the Peloponnesus, and with the point of my spear I could touch the sky. Of geometry, I knew no more than Euclid, no more of medicine than Hippocrates, no more of astronomy than Aristarchus of Samos. O ye learned ones of later days, ye have lifted my eyes beyond the snowy summits of Olympus, to the infinity of the universe; and in every grain of dust beneath my sandalled feet I behold the infinity of atoms, themselves stars, and subject to the laws whereby the stars are governed.

"Time was when I saw no farther than Attica and its violet, olive-clad mountains. I knew no

whom thou didst call 'The Kings born of a dull race' that shall triumph or shall Democracy, the power of the people, prevail? Ask me not. The Future is hidden even from those who are forging it. Ask me not what the City of the Future will be. But know that it is I who will build it, and that learned men and philosophers have not called me back to earth in vain.

"What time the Titans, the enemies of the just gods, pile up the rocks, and impious giants forge their weapons of destruction I am founding the Sacred City. Seeing my workers delving deep in the soil, and bearing away materials for the building, even the wise have sometimes found it hard to discern my ingenious plans. In the workshops where, on the morrow of Salamis, men were at work hewing the marble for my Propylæa, it was hard to discover, amid the scattered blocks, the harmonious inspiration of Mnesicles. Nevertheless it was there that it was gathering shape and growing towards the light. The generations of the future will not be deceived. They will recognise the work of my hands, because it will endure. Whatsoever is built in ignorance and error falls lamentably to the ground. These are thy words, 'Nought stands the test, and nought endures save the things conceived and designed by me,' for I am Foresight, Order and Symmetry. I am Thought, the thought of all them that truly think; I am Knowledge, the knowledge of all them that truly know—thy knowledge and thy thought, O Renan!

"Take from my hands the Golden Bough which thou didst study to make grow; live on in glory; dwell in the noblest hearts and in the bravest souls

A SPEECH

PROPOSING THE TOAST OF THE GUEST OF THE
EVENING AT A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF STEINLEN,
GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
"L'ART POUR TOUS"
ON THE 20TH DECEMBER, 1903



DEAR COMRADES, Steinlen is a great friend of mine. In order that I may be quite clear and orderly in my own mind as to what I am going to say about him, I am going to carry my memory back to a time which it now seems to me can never have existed—to the time, that is to say, before I had come to know him. He came to visit me one winter's morning. Through the windows you could see the trees, stark as skeletons, all shrouded in mist. He struck me as being quite young, just the least bit shy, with that air of artless grace that is the usual concomitant of genuine modesty. I found in him a delightful blend of rustic simplicity and delicate perception, of innocence and subtlety, of strength and sweetness, and the combination charmed me. I had for some time been an admirer of his work. Now, I took to the man himself.

The essential note of Steinlen's work is sincerity. In his draughtsmanship, which is so direct, so frank, so unencumbered by meretricious adornment,

Steinlen found his veritable and natural medium of expression. When he came to paint in oils, not only did the artist lose none of the qualities which had made him famous as a draughtsman and an illustrator, but he even acquired new ones as the result of employing a medium which yields to none in the richness and fecundity of its resources. The mastery which he seemed to achieve at a stroke was in reality the result of long and patient preparation. He did not try to paint subjects on a big scale until he found himself able to dash them off with the same vigour, skill and swiftness that characterised his pencil sketches. He learned slowly to paint quickly. Such is the secret of his seemingly sudden leap to perfection.

His pencil and his brush were such perfect interpreters of the soul within him that his work conveys all his changing moods, down to the most delicate and most evanescent emotion. It may be truly said that Steinlen shared the sufferings and lived the lives of the living and suffering people he portrays for us.

He does not strive to get some preconceived effect or to produce some artificial synthesis, as other artists are tempted to do. His art is more animated, more instinctive, and delights in representing this old earth, this poor humanity of ours, in all its variety, all its movement, all its ceaseless ebb and flow. And these pictures of his are born of an upright, simple and generous soul overflowing with sympathy for human kind.

Steinlen loves humble folk, and he knows how to portray them. Pity flows from his fingers, those fingers that know so well how to limn the faces of the luckless ones of this world. He is gentle,

But he is tempestuous too. When he is portraying evil people, when he is depicting some example of social injustice, or selfishness or avarice or cruelty, his pencil and his brush flash with fury, terrible as the avenging angel. Yet this hatred is but love.

Love! There you have it. That is the main-spring of his genius, of its tenderness, its insight and its truth.

Steinlen is a lover of life, of men, of animals, of everyday things. His love of them is sweet, austere and profound. He dwells in nature and nature dwells in him. Hence it is that we find in all his work a grandeur suffused with pity.

We are gathered together here to render thanks to Steinlen for telling us with pencil and with brush so many brave and gentle things, for revealing to our vision the beauty of the joy and the sadness that are for ever passing in procession before our eyes, for portraying the street, the garret, the workshop, for upholding the glory of toil.

There are mysteries in human genius, for there are mysteries in life. But at least we may unveil a part of Steinlen's secret. If he shows us people living and suffering, he too has shared their emotions and their sufferings. He has lived their lives. That is the secret of his art.

Before quitting this ample and hospitable board, I must express my thanks to the Society of "l'Art pour Tous" for inviting me to take part in this evening's celebrations, in company with Eugène Carrière, Willette, Gabriel Séailles, Vandervelde, Gérault-Richard and all those other friends whom I see here to-night. I am in sympathetic agreement with the thoughts and feelings which guide your friendly and popular association, for it does not

divorce art from life, and it seeks beauty in nature.

You are artists, but you are something more than that, and I am going to call you by a yet prouder name. I am going to give you the name which in the eyes of the Greeks set Prometheus above the gods.

You are—workmen !

I drink to Steinlen.

I drink to "l'Art pour Tous."

A LETTER

READ AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
HELD IN LONDON ON BEHALF OF
ARMENIA AND MACEDONIA ON THE 29TH JUNE,
1904



ENTLEMEN, it is with profound regret that I find myself unable to take part with you in this gathering *pro Armenia*. A single purpose common to you all, a humane and peaceful purpose, brings you together in conference.

Will not be to give utterance to vain aspirations, or to voice unavailing complaints. Your demand is for something definite, lawful, practical. It is the full and complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin. This Treaty makes Europe the responsible guardian of the Ottoman Empire. Is Europe going to say to the Red Sultan, "You may go on killing, but you must pay us"? Can it be that Europe, the Turk's guardian and therefore responsible for his behaviour, who considers herself quite justified in bringing her guns to bear on him because he is behindhand with his payments—can it be, I say, that Europe is helpless to prevent the murder of three hundred thousand of the Sultan's subjects? Shall it be said that the people of Europe care for nothing save money? Gentlemen, the cold-blooded

murder of a whole people has its economic and financial side. Nor are you unaware what great services these people, whom the Kurds are exterminating, are capable of rendering to civilisation. By their intelligence and their activity the Armenians are capable of creating close bonds between Asia and Europe. Their historic mission has been to exchange the products of these two portions of the world. If only they are permitted to live, they will again become what once they were—the most efficient agents of European civilisation in the East.

With you, gentlemen, the great question of the fate of Armenia enters upon a new phase. Brought first under the notice of public opinion, which has been strongly aroused, it is now, in your country—a country noted for its practical and indefatigable energy—under the consideration of parliamentarians of high standing, of statesmen empowered to set in motion all the resources of their country.

I rejoice thereat, for the sake of Armenia and of humanity in general.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

A LETTER

READ AT THE DEMONSTRATION ORGANISED
IN HONOUR OF ÉMILE ZOLA ON THE 1ST
OCTOBER, 1904



MY dear President, I greatly regret my inability to be present at the great fête organised by the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme*. With all the strength at my command, I should have joined with you in doing honour to the name of Emile Zola. He was a mighty worker, the man for great undertakings. As a novelist his achievement is a monumental one. I may, without laying myself open to the suspicion of condescension, give expression to the admiration I feel for him as a writer, for if, in times now past, I have given utterance in terms less temperate than sincere to my disagreement with certain manifestations of his genius, I acknowledged, in more than one article, the force and honesty of his literary creations, long before the opening of the great battle which brought me to his side. In the twinkling of an eye the thinker was transformed into the man of action. By writing his letter "J'accuse" he performed a revolutionary act of incalculable importance, the beneficent effects of which are still felt in our moral and political life, and are not without their influence in foreign countries.

His courage and his honesty brought him to the forefront of that little band of men who, in those wicked times, dared to strike a blow for the Right: Scheurer-Kestner, Grimaux, Duclaux, Gaston Paris, Trarieux, who died in the struggle. And others there are, too, who survive and remember: Paul Meyer, the high-souled Picquart, and Louis Havet, to whose brave and stirring words you are about to listen, and you, Francis de Pressensé, you whom our friends Quillard and Mirbeau beheld, calm, firm and unmoved by insult and outrage, at Toulouse, at Avignon, when the White Terror held sway.

It was the time when, at the peaceful ceremony of a prize distribution, in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief of the French armies, the Dominican, Didon, exhorted the military leaders to cast down a pusillanimous Government, and incited the Catholic youth to massacre in the streets those proud intellectuals whose sole crime it was that they refused to bear injustice in silence. It was the time when Cavaignac, the War Minister, was imparting to his colleagues his scheme for arraigning before the High Court, on a charge of treason, all the defenders of Dreyfus, not excluding his counsel, Demange and Labori.

There was, you will agree, something to rejoice at, something to be proud of, in having such adversaries to fight against.

You who were called Dreyfusards in contempt, and bore the name with pride, be just, all of you; for you owe a great deal to your enemies.

It was your strange and glorious destiny that, when you began by running to earth a handful of discredited forgers and demanding the rectifica-

tion of an error of justice, you gradually found all the forces of reaction and oppression arrayed against you, and your courage grew higher in proportion as the difficulties of your task increased.

That task is not yet over. You have brought about an overwhelming exposure of systematic official lying, of the misuse of government power, of the abominable injustice of secret trials. But is it not a shameful thing that courts-martial still exist after so many instances of criminal collusion, after so many monstrous iniquities have been laid bare?

Much remains to be done. But let us not lose heart. The country is indebted to the Dreyfus case for an inestimable benefit. Gradually it has brought out into the open, and confronted one with another, the forces of the past and the forces of the future. On the one side bourgeois tyranny and Catholic theocracy, on the other socialism and intellectual emancipation. The victory of organised democracy is not in doubt. Let us render to Émile Zola the honour which is due to him for flinging himself bravely into the perilous fight and showing us the way to victory.

Six years ago, after the court had risen, we saw Émile Zola threatened with death by the ignorant mob that the criminals had misled with their vile lies. The Paris Municipal Council, won back once more to the socialist and republican cause, would be performing an act of reparation if it changed the name of the Boulevard du Palais and called it the Boulevard Émile Zola.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A PUBLIC MEETING
ARRANGED BY THE FRENCH SOCIALIST PARTY
ON THE 25TH NOVEMBER, 1904



ITOYENNES, Citoyens, at this meeting convened under the auspices of the French Socialist party, you are about to hear Citoyen Francis de Pressensé speak to you on the subject of courts-martial and the reform of the regulations governing military trials; while Citoyen Jaurès will discuss the home and foreign policy of France. As for me, if I gave heed to my own promptings, I should at once give place to one of the speakers named on the programme. But I think I should be departing from established custom if I failed to offer, with due brevity, a few introductory remarks. And perhaps I shall thus be in a position to give expression to a few useful truths on two great subjects which are down for discussion at this meeting. I refer to the separation of Church and State and the war in the Far East.

I will then, if you will give me leave, offer a few very brief remarks on these two grave questions, both of which admit of a socialistic solution, seeing that it is the right and the duty of Socialism, in its present stage of development, to examine, in the light of its doctrine and its ideals, any and all of

the great events which take place in the world at large.

The influence of Socialism, as you are aware, played a very great part in the early stages of the Separation, and it was the scheme of one of our adherents, the Citoyen Briand, which was taken as a basis in the inquiry conducted by the parliamentary commission.

Let us for a moment consider this important question of the denunciation of the Concordat and the separation of Church and State, and let us examine, calmly and philosophically, the conditions which must govern its solution.

The moderates, who are not always as wise as they deem themselves, entertain the belief that a good understanding would prevail between Church and State if only the latter concerned itself with the temporal and the former with the spiritual, and if both parties agreed to remain within their respective limits. The limits of the spiritual and the limits of the temporal! The Monarchy knew them not. Nor did Bonaparte, nor anyone else. The fact is that there are none. The spiritual is not cognisable until it manifests itself in the temporal sphere. In order to give the question a concrete and practical significance, we must speak respectively of the limits of canon law and civil law. But if a Minister of the Republic were to express himself with this exactitude, we should immediately understand that he acknowledged an external authority. Such, in effect, is what the Concordat compels him to do, and since, unlike Louis IX, Philippe le Bel, Charles VII, Louis XIV and Charles X, his deliberations are unassisted by doctors in either branch, by

learned theologians and advisers deeply versed in canon law, he finds himself governed by an alien code of laws with which he is wholly unacquainted. That Ministers who are laymen and free-thinkers to boot should be expected to discuss questions of theological doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline with the Roman Curia is palpably absurd. And yet what else can they do under the Concordat? And so it comes about that, forced to pay the penalty of Bonaparte's slap-dash cleverness—Bonaparte daubed theology all over the French legal code—a Minister of Public Worship, the well-meaning Monsieur Leygues, for example, finds himself involved in an argument with the Papal Nuncio as to whether *Papa est dominus omnium beneficiorum*, without being able to count on a council, or a synod, or a bishop, or a curate, or even, as Bonaparte could, on some mitred nincompoop like Fesch, to help him spell out the *decisiones Rotæ Merlini*. It's amusing, but it's annoying, all the same.

It may well be that, through ignorance or indifference, some of our free-thinking Ministers have given the Roman Church as much as ever the King's Ministers gave her deliberately and with all their heart.

They have acquiesced in a thing that has hitherto been regarded as intolerable—they have acquiesced in the Pope's interference in our domestic affairs. Acquiesced, I say! Why, they approved of it. When Leo XII took it into his head to support the Republic in the name of the very rights he might have invoked to oppose it, and when it was clear that he only supported it, as he himself confessed, in order to bring about a change in its laws,

the Republic sent him an official message of thanks and accepted with gratitude a thing which, in their day, the Kings would have rejected with scorn.

That, then, is a preliminary reason for denouncing the Concordat; and, to conclude, we will borrow from Francis de Pressensé the following precise statement of the case. "To treat with the foreign head of a Church containing French citizens among its adherents about matters concerning the regulation of public worship, to enter into pecuniary or other obligations with the said foreigner, is to alienate a portion of our country's sovereign right and to admit of foreign interference in our domestic affairs."

We have here in this country a man who bears a sacred title. He is known as the *Directeur des Cultes*—the Regulator of Public Worship. He has his hand alike on Catholic cathedral, on Protestant chapel and on Jewish synagogue. The tabernacle containing the sacred elements, the naked altar of the Augsburg confessions, the tables of Thorah, are, all alike, subject to his control. He recognises three august verities. But why not four or five, or even more? He is a Catholic, a Jew, a Lutheran. Why not a Mohammedan as well? There are more Mohammedans than any other religious body under the French flag. Why isn't he a Buddhist, a Fetichist? He is in charge of three religions. Why not of all?

If you ask me, I will straightway tell you that in his office he has plenty of files and memoranda for Bishops, Protestant Pastors and Rabbis, but none for Lamas, Muezzins and Bonzes; that three religions only come under his official purview, and

none of the others has a *locus standi*; that there are three official religions, and that there always will be three, since the attributes of a Government office are immobility and permanence.

Bonaparte willed it so. In virtue of the law of the 18th Germinal, Year X, the Minister of Public Worship, like the father in the beautiful Jewish parable, has three rings. He does not tell us which is the right one, and therein he shows his wisdom. But if he has more than one, why has he only got three? The heavenly father has given his children more rings than three, and they cannot discern the true from the false. Monsieur le Ministre des Cultes, wherefore have you not all the rings of the heavenly father? You grant a subsidy to some forms of worship, and you withhold it from others. Why? You don't set up as a judge of religious truth, you are not pretending to say which of the three religions possesses it, since one of the three condemns the supporters of the other two to eternal punishment.

Do you know, Monsieur le Ministre, what the Catholic Church thinks of the Jews? You must have often seen over the entrance to a cathedral, beside the image of Christ on the Cross, two women bearing the insignia of royalty. One of them is standing upright, full of majesty; she is the Church. The other one is tottering. There is a bandage before her eyes, her crown is falling from her head, her sceptre is slipping from her hands; that is the synagogue. And you subsidise both of them. You know what the Catholic Church thinks of the Protestants. You have doubtless noticed on one of the beautiful stalls in the cathedral at Auch the

representation of a pig preaching in the pulpit, and deeply carved in the wood the name "Calvin." And you subsidise both the Catholic and the Reformed Churches. Is not this laying a little too much emphasis on the absurdity which is necessarily inseparable from the government of men, and are you not doing something at variance with the common rights of the French people?

The State pays fifty millions a year to the Catholic Church, and hands over to her bishops' palaces, bishoprics and churches, with their bells, their ornaments and their treasures, not to mention the pulpits from which the priests preach their truths. It is not just that all the citizens should contribute to the support of a religion which only some of them practise. In answer to that they say that in every society there are services which do not necessarily benefit every separate individual member of it. But we have here something more than, something different from, the principle of national taxation. The millions paid over to the Churches are not to be regarded as merely an item in the national budget. The question of liberty of conscience enters here.

By making religion a department of the Civil Service you ensure it the favour of the Government and the respect of the governed. Nay, more than that, you recognise the authority of the Pope by the mere fact of your entering into negotiations with him. You recognise him in the temporal as well as in the spiritual sphere. And thus Bishop Bardet felt he had a right to say to you, "The State, by treating with the Church, thereby recognises her existence, her work, her rights and even the super-

natural character of her origin and aim." And if, similarly, the State proceeds to recognise the existence and supernatural character of two other religions, that is the State's affair, and not Rome's. The absurdity of the thing is exclusively the State's, and cannot be attributed to the Church of Rome.

According to the terms of the Concordat, the Secular State believes and professes the religion of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church. Is that in conformity with the principles of a democracy, seeing that a democracy countenances no denominational supremacy?

These are cogent reasons for denouncing the Concordat.

Separation must come.

How must it be brought about?

Many liberal laymen, and prominent among them M. René Goblet, take the formula "A Free Church in a Free Country" as the guiding principle of the Separatist movement. M. René Goblet is a whole-hearted friend of liberty. He would stint his own party of it rather than wrest it from his adversaries. "A Free Church in a Free State." The saying is more than forty years old. Montalembert invented it, and he explained it by this additional phrase: "The Church's freedom based on popular freedom." M. de Cavour, after the invasion of the Papal States, adopted it for his own. In his mouth it assumed a new significance. It became Italian, that is to say subtle. It meant "The King robs the Pope of his patrimony and kisses his feet." That sums up the whole philosophy of the House of Savoy, which got itself excommunicated in Rome

and blessed in Turin. And now this is how M. Goblet in his turn explains the formula :—

“ ‘ A Free Church in a Free State.’ That means the free exercise of the various religions, the Churches having henceforth nothing to do with the State and the State nothing to do with the Churches, the ministers of the different religious bodies being subject to the same laws as the general body of citizens.”

But Bishop Dubillard calls that a Utopia, and Ranc says that it's silly. Before him, Comte Harry d'Arnim had come to similar conclusion. According to him, *Chiesa libera in stato libero* was *Chiesa armata in stato disarmato*.

It is not easy to see how the State could avoid taking cognisance of the separated Church which will become an association amenable to the laws by which associations are regulated. As for an armed Church in an unarmed State, I do not ask you what you think of that. Monsieur Goblet claims that it should come under the régime of common law. That again is a point on which we must make ourselves quite clear. You have, no doubt, observed, Citoyens, that as soon as one is, or as soon as one does, something, one proceeds beyond the limits of common law. The law wills it so, and we do not propose to alter it,—at all events for the time being. As a legal friend of mine very prettily pointed out to me the other day, there are special laws for doctors, special laws for chemists, special laws for locksmiths. Well, now, a Bishop in the eyes of the law and of society is not less important than a locksmith.

We must give liberty to the separated Church.

But let us be clear on this point. The liberty which is her due is not the absolute liberty of the metaphysicians, which has no existence in fact. The liberty we must give her is a real and definite liberty, a liberty limited by all the other liberties. That is her due and that we will give her. But do not be disturbed, Citoyens. She will not thank us for it. She will look on our gift in the light of an outrage and an insult.

She will be the implacable enemy of the Government to whom she will owe her freedom. We must not fear her future policy towards us, but we must be prepared for it. Once the Concordat is at an end, the Pope will become the sole ruler of the Church in France. When, on his own authority, he appoints his bishops, he is likely to choose them from among the monastic orders, and we may look for it that as and when sees become vacant he will fill them from the ranks of Jesuits, Assumptionists and Capuchins. Diocesan administration will tend to fall ever more and more into the hands of the monks, and the monks will bring into play all their gifts for business and intrigue, a genius for trade that surpasses that of the Jews, an instinct and a taste for secret enterprises, conspiracies and subterranean activities. We shall have cunning bishops and we shall have turbulent bishops. Not a few of them, doubtless, will play the demagogue and try to turn the heads of the masses with their ignorant but potent clap-trap, like the monks who, by their activities in Paris and the provinces, caused such serious commotion throughout the country.

The Church will welcome violence: for she must needs have martyrs. All her hopes are in a religious

war. The first Separation Law, that of the Year III, was advantageous to her because it was carried out with great harshness.

By persecuting the priests the Government would give them fresh strength. It will best overcome them by meeting them with a spirit of invincible tolerance.

There must be no baiting, no pin-pricks. In order to be effective, laws should be as gentle as they are firm. If we are wise, we shall disarm, by the profound equity of our laws and customs, the wrath and hatred of the separated Church. Seditious pamphlets will be drowned in the freedom of the Press. Revolutionary sermons will be rendered nugatory by liberty of reunion.

The virtue of separation resides in the separation itself, and not in the legal severities by which it may be enforced. Separation strikes at the root-principle of the Church. The very essence of the Roman Church, its corner-stone, is its unity. And this essential unity it derives from the civil Government in all Catholic countries. The State and the Concordat guarantee it against schism.

It takes care to decide which among its bishops and curates are imbued with the Roman spirit, and sees to it that the intruders are expelled. This on the part of a minister whom the bishops usually call Barabbas, Olibrius and Nero, is really showing a somewhat excessive solicitude. As soon as he ceases to exercise his functions, any bishops or priests who may find themselves at variance with the Pope will be able to found churches of their own. Sects will come into being, and it will be all over, in France, with the unity of the Church. There will

be an end, in our country, to the most formidable instrument of tyranny that has ever oppressed the people, there will be an end to the power which for so many centuries has set itself to destroy the intellect, and to crush Science and happiness out of existence.

Citoyens, when I began this speech I promised to talk to you about the Russo-Japanese War. I will do so as briefly as possible. But we must revert to primary causes. You are acquainted with the line of action which the white people generally adopt in their dealings with the yellow races. You know all about European policy in China.

The Christian nations acquired the habit of sending, together or separately, into that vast Empire, whenever there were disturbances there, regiments of soldiers, who restored order by robbery, outrage, pillage, murder and arson, and of proceeding at frequent intervals, with the aid of rifles and artillery, to bring about the peaceful penetration of the country. The Chinese, being unarmed, defend themselves ill or not at all. We wipe them out with agreeable facility. They are polished and ceremonious; but it is alleged to their discredit that they have no great liking for Europeans. The grievances we have against them are very similar to the grievances M. Duchaillu had against his gorilla. M. Duchaillu, while hunting in a forest, came across a female gorilla, which he fired at and killed. Though dead she was still clasping her little one in her arms. He dragged it away from her and took it with him across Africa in a cage, intending to sell it when he reached Europe. But the young animal gave him just cause for complaint. It was unsoci-

able. It refused food, and finally died of hunger. "I tried in vain," says M. Duchaillu, "to cure it of its bad ways."

We complain of the Chinese with about as much reason as Monsieur Duchaillu complained of his gorilla.

In 1901, disturbances having broken out at Peking, the armies of five Great Powers, under the command of a German Field-Marshal, restored order by the usual methods. After having thus covered themselves with military glory, the five great Powers signed one of the innumerable treaties whereby they guaranteed the integrity of that same China whose provinces they were sharing out between them.

Russia, on her side, occupied Manchuria and closed the Korean ports against Japanese trade. The Japanese who, in 1894, had beaten the Chinese on land and sea, and had taken part in 1901 in the pacificatory activities of the Great Powers, observed with cold and calculating fury the slow and voracious advance of the Russian Bear. And while the enormous beast was sleepily poking its snout into the Japanese hive, the yellow bees, arming both their wings and their stings, riddled him with fiery darts.

"It is a colonial war," a Russian Government official was good enough to impress on my friend Georges Bourdon. Now the fundamental principle in every colonial war is that the European should be superior to the people against whom he is fighting. If he isn't, the thing is not a colonial war at all. Anyone can see that. It is the rule in this sort of war that the European should attack with artillery,

and that the Asiatic or the African should defend himself with arrows, clubs, assegais and tomahawks. True, it is permissible that he should get hold of a few old matchlocks and obsolete cartridges, for that gives an added glory to the process of colonisation. But he must on no account be armed or trained in European fashion. His fleet must consist of junks, pirogues and canoes hollowed out of the trunks of trees. If he has bought vessels from European shipbuilders, they must be out of date. The Chinese, who stock their arsenals with shells made of porcelain, are regarded as keeping within the regulations governing colonial warfare. Not so the Japanese. They make war in accordance with the principles taught in France by General Bonnal. They are greatly superior to their adversaries in knowledge and intelligence. By fighting better than Europeans, they have shown a disregard of consecrated usage and are, in a manner, acting in defiance of the Law of Nations.

It is in vain that serious-minded persons such as Monsieur Edmond Théry prove to them that they ought to be conquered, in the higher interests of the European market and in accordance with the soundest economic principles. In vain that Monsieur Doumer himself, the proconsul of Indo-China, bids them suffer decisive defeat at the earliest possible moment by land and sea. "What a profound financial gloom would darken our hearts," exclaimed this great man, "if Bezobrazoff and Alexeieff were debarred from getting another million or two from the Korean forests! They are kings. I too was a king like them. Our causes are one. O ye sons of Japan, be ye gentle and

simple-hearted like the dusky peoples over whom I reigned so gloriously when Méline was in power." In vain did Dr. Charles Richet point out to them, with a skeleton in his hand, that being prognathic and having the muscles of their calves insufficiently developed, they would have to take refuge in trees from the Russians, who are brachycephalic and, as such, eminently fitted to spread civilisation, as was clearly shown when they drowned five thousand Chinese in the Amoor. "Bear in mind that you are the link between man and the ape," the learned Professor Richet was good enough to say to them; "wherefore it follows that if you beat the Russians, or Finno-letto-ougroslavs, it would be precisely as if the apes were to beat you. Think of it." But they absolutely refused to listen.

The penalty the Russians are now paying in Japanese waters and in the mountain passes of Manchuria is not merely the fruit of their policy of greed and cruelty in the East, it is the fruit of Europe's colonial policy as a whole. They are having to expiate not merely their own crimes, but the crimes of the whole of commercial Christendom. I don't mean to imply by that that there is any such thing as Justice in the world. But some things have a strange way of swinging back, and force, which is still the sole arbiter of right and wrong, performs some queer acrobatic feats. Sometimes its unexpected vagaries upset an equilibrium that seemed completely stable. And its pranks, which are invariably guided by some hidden rule, bring to pass some interesting phenomena. The Japanese cross the Yalu and give a very neat account of the Russians in Manchuria, and their navy destroys a

European fleet in the most elegant manner in the world. And immediately we discern a threatened danger. If it exists, who created it? It was not the Japanese who came to seek out the Russians, not the yellow men that came to disturb the white men. We are now making the discovery that there is such a thing as a Yellow Peril. For many a long year the people of Asia have been familiar with the White Peril. The destruction of the Summer Palace, the Peking massacres, the victims drowned at Blagovestchensk, the dismemberment of China, were not these things well calculated to provoke anxiety in the minds of the Chinese? And did the Japanese feel altogether comfortable under the guns of Port Arthur? We created the White Peril, and the White Peril has created the Yellow Peril. All this is the kind of concatenation which gives to ancient Necessity which rules the world an appearance of Divine Justice, and we admire the amazing conduct of this blind Queen of men and gods when we see Japan, lately so cruel to the Chinese and the Koreans, Japan the unsalaried accomplice of Europe's misdeeds in China, becoming the avenger of China and the hope of the Yellow Races.

Nevertheless it would not appear, at first sight, that the Yellow Peril, which is such a bugbear to European economists, is comparable to the White Peril which hangs over Asia. The Chinese do not send their missionaries to Paris or Berlin or Saint Petersburg to teach Christians the Chinese religion and to create disorder in European affairs. A Chinese expeditionary force has not appeared in Quiberon Bay to present a demand for extra-territoriality, that is to say, the right to try before

a court of mandarins all cases pending between Chinese and Europeans. Admiral Togo has not arrived with a dozen warships to bombard the Brest Roads in order to stimulate Japanese trade in France. The flower of French nationalism, the *élite* of our Trublions, have not besieged, in their houses in the Avenues Hoche and Marceau, the Chinese and Japanese legations, and Marshal Oyama has not in consequence led the massed forces of the Far East on to the Boulevard de la Madeleine to demand the punishment of the Xenophobe Trublions. He has not set fire to Versailles in the name of a superior civilisation. The armies of the great Asiatic Powers have not carried off to Tokio and Peking the pictures of the Louvre and the plate from the Élysée.

No, Monsieur Edmond Théry himself allows that the yellow races are not yet sufficiently civilised to imitate the whites with such a degree of fidelity, nor does he anticipate that they will ever rise to such heights of moral culture. And how could we expect them to possess our virtues? They are not Christians. But men competent to judge in these matters hold that the Yellow Peril is none the less terrible for being merely economic. Japan and China, organised and led by Japan, threaten us with a rivalry, a hideous, monstrous, enormous rivalry, in all our markets, the very thought of which is enough to make the hair of all our economists stand on end. That is why the Japanese and the Chinese must be exterminated. There is no doubt about the matter. But it also behoves us to make war on the United States to prevent their metallurgists from putting iron and steel on the market at prices which our

manufacturers, owing to their inferior plant, find it impossible to compete with.

Come, then, let us be truthful for once. Let us for a moment cease to delude ourselves. Old Europe and New Europe (for that is America's real name) have made economic warfare the order of the day. Every nation is waging industrial war with its neighbours; and, look where we will, we see every productive country furiously arming itself against its rivals. We should be the last to complain at seeing the world's markets flooded with the rival products of fresh competitors. What is the use of making moan? Might is the only Right we recognise. If Tokio goes to the wall, Tokio will be in the wrong, and we shall tell them so. If they prove the stronger, they will be right, and we shall have nothing to reproach them with. Is there a single country in the world that has the right to speak in the name of justice?

We have taught the Japanese all about capitalism and war. They scare us because they are getting like ourselves. And really the outlook is rather appalling. They defend themselves against Europeans with European weapons. Their generals, their naval officers, who have been trained in England, Germany and France, are a credit to their teachers. Some of them have attended lectures at our technical schools. Those Grand-Dukes who were afraid that nothing good could come from our military institutions because they were too democratic for their taste, ought to be feeling easier in their minds now.

I don't know how the war will end. Against the methodical energy of the Japanese, the Russian

Empire is bringing up all her vast but indeterminate resources, all that immense strength which is repressed by the ruthless imbecility of her Government, misdirected by the dishonesty of a spend-thrift executive, and rendered nugatory by the ineptitude of her military leaders. She has displayed the immensity of her impotence and the completeness of her disorganisation. Still her monetary resources, constantly replenished by her wealthy creditors, are virtually inexhaustible. Her adversary, on the other hand, can only hope to find the means to carry on in loans granted under harsh and burdensome conditions, loans of whose fruition her very victories might rob her. For though England and America would willingly assist in making Russia weak, they don't want to see Japan powerful. We can hardly expect a decisive victory on either side. But if Japan succeeds in imbuing the white races with a certain amount of respect for the yellow, she will have rendered a notable service to humanity; she will unconsciously, and no doubt unwillingly, have paved the way for the reign of peace throughout the world.

Of course it would be an irreparable loss to civilisation if the markets of the East were closed or made difficult of access to the intelligent and energetic nations of the West. On the contrary, we ought to do everything in our power to avoid this, and to use every possible endeavour to ensure, foster and promote the closest and most unrestricted relations between Europe and the Far East. But to bring about this happy and profitable state of affairs, methodical and peaceful means must take the place of barbarous and destructive warfare.

Forcible penetration must yield to peaceful penetration. It is of Peace, not of War, that we must ask the keys to the treasure-house of the East.

Humanity's greatest asset is Man himself. If, economically speaking, we are to make the most of this terrestrial globe we must begin by making the most of Man. Successfully to exploit the full resources of our planet, its soil, its mines, its waters, we need Man—Man as a whole, the human race entire and undivided. To make all the world productive we must have the united labour of men of every race, white, yellow and black. By enslaving, repressing, combating any given section of humanity we are inflicting an injury upon ourselves. It is to our advantage that all the races, whatever their colour, should be powerful, prosperous and free. Our wealth and our prosperity depend on their wealth and their prosperity. The more they produce, the more they consume. The more they profit by us, the more we shall profit by them. Let them benefit by the fruits of our labour, and let us benefit by the fruits of theirs.

May these principles, which the great voice of Jaurès will proclaim in the Chamber, be the inspiration of our peaceful task in Morocco.

Citoyens, I am no less impatient than you to hear the men who are down to speak at this meeting. But before I call upon you, Citoyen Francis de Pressensé, suffer me to say the one thing which you yourself could not say as well as I. Let me recall how generously and effectively you bore your part in the Dreyfus affair, which, thanks to you and to men like you, brought at least this benefit in its train, it aroused the slumbering conscience of the

Republic. As soon as ever the first gleams of the truth began to show themselves, you arose and set forth towards the light; with indomitable ardour you set yourself to redress a grievous wrong. You fought the terrible fight against adversaries who knew all. You strove with all your might, you risked your very life in the conflict.

Citoyen Francis de Pressensé, if I now recall those days of crime when, before the very seat of Justice itself, hordes of anti-Semites came swarming about Picquart and Zola, shouting wildly for their death; and when at Toulouse and Avignon during the worst days of the White Terror, with Quillard and Mirbeau at your side, you faced the violence of the *Jeunesse dorée*—if I speak of these things, it is not merely to render you the tribute which is your due, it is to further a cause that is more general and more important still. If I appeal to all my audience here to-day, if I conjure them not to forget the dire blow struck at the Republic by the monks and their supporters, nor the action of that notorious Dominican who incited the troops to murder and revolt under the very eyes of a Commander-in-Chief who stood by and said nothing, nor the funeral of the wretched President Felix Faure, nor the rioting of the Royalist mob when the guardians of the law were drenched with that noisome liquid in which, according to the saintly chroniclers, the impious Arius lost his life, nor yet the disobedience of that latter-day Theban legion which declared for its god against the Republic—if I call all these things to mind, it is that we may follow the phases of a work that is still going on; that we may not be taken unawares; that we may recognise certain signs

which tell us that the old enemies of the modern spirit are at this very moment getting ready to attack all along the line. Just as the movements of troops and outpost skirmishes in Manchuria presage those great battles that last for a whole week, we note fresh signs of activity at all the strategic points occupied by the forces of reaction, signs which tell us that a recrudescence of hostilities is imminent. A tactical error, a failure to act together, might expose us to defeat, and perhaps bring us back again to the bad old days of Méline and Dupuy. But, Citoyens, be of good cheer. The light has shone forth. Our foes could not overcome us in the darkness of night. They will not vanquish us in the light of day.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED IN SUPPORT OF THE BILL FOR
THE SEPARATION OF THE CHURCHES AND THE STATE
ON THE 19TH DECEMBER, 1904



CITOYENNES and Citoyens, honoured by an invitation to address this meeting, I shall be brief in my remarks and take good care not to encroach upon the time allotted to the eminent speakers whose names are down on the agenda. Now an audience like this quite rightly expects to hear something clear and concrete, something straightforward and sound in its substance and exposition; the kind of thing, in a word, which you have just had from Citoyen Francis de Pressensé.

Nevertheless I have hopes of being able to give you, in a very few words, some idea of the real significance of the Concordat and the reasons which made the Church so extraordinarily anxious to maintain that hateful covenant in operation.

You are aware, Citoyens, that the Bill of the 3rd Ventose, in the Year III of the Republican Calendar (2 February, 1795), which was passed by the Convention on the representations of Boissy d'Anglas, severed every link then existing between Church and State. Let us now inquire into the

circumstances which resulted in the renewal of the bond.

At the end of 1796 or early in 1797, we find Bonaparte writing to his confidant, General Clarke, as follows: "We are all Roman Catholics again in France. We may possibly soon have need even of the Pope himself in order to give the Revolution a clerical backing, and thus to enlist the goodwill of the rural districts over which the clergy have managed to gain all their old influence."

Here we may see, as it were in embryo, the idea underlying the covenant to which, five years later, he became a party; we perceive at once the soundness of the argument and the duplicity of its supporters. The young General is quite alive to the threatened danger. A Roman Church is arising, and that Roman Church is a menace to the success of the Revolution, a menace to the Republic. Perhaps it will plot to bring the Bourbons back again. To stave off the peril, a new Gallican clergy must be brought into being. And since there is no forming a constitutional Church without the Pope, one must needs form one with him. There seems a chance of working the oracle. Such was the germ of the Concordat idea. Later on, when he became First Consul, Bonaparte brought it to pass.

The Concordat was proclaimed a law of the Republic on the 18th Germinal, Year X. The Act contained, in addition to the Concordat proper, the organic articles of Catholic worship. To these were added the Protestant articles, in order that, despite the preamble acknowledging Catholicism as the religion of the great majority of the French people, it should be seen that freedom of conscience still flourished in the Republic.

Lamartine once declared in the Chamber of Deputies that the Concordat was a retrograde measure and a political blunder. It was a noble utterance. The Concordat, divested of Roman pomp and Consular majesty, was only a piece of Italian jugglery played off by a youngster from Ajaccio and a Roman priest. Bonaparte himself saw the funny side of the thing, for when, in solemn assembly, he was presented by Cardinal Caprara with a certified copy of the agreement, now signed at last, he was observed to laugh and make a comic face. However, he missed the real point of the comedy. He thought he had duped and outwitted Master Fox; in reality Master Fox had outwitted him.

The imprudent Consul thought that he was setting the Gallican Church on its legs again, to his own advantage. What he really did was to establish a branch of the Roman Church in France. The clergy he brought into being were helpless against him and helpless against the Pope; a wretched, servile body, subservient to two masters, and continually constrained to flout one in order to please the other. They sang the *Te Deum* for all his victories, turned their backs on him in his evil hour, donned the white Cockade in 1814 and stirred up the Vendéans against him in 1815.

Bonaparte was too clever not to see that he had had the worst of the deal. "The greatest mistake I committed in all my reign," he never tired of saying to his chaplain, the Abbé de Pradt, "was bringing about the Concordat."

And then, at other times, he would seem proud of it, and boast that the Concordat was his doing. If,

indeed, an agreement of this kind depends for its validity on the mutual consent and understanding of the two contracting parties, then the Act of the 18th Germinal, Year X, is not a Concordat at all. True, it contains the seventeen articles agreed upon between the French Government and Pope Pius VII on the 26th Messidor, Year IX. But it also contains the seventy-six articles of the Catholic religion. It is a very doubtful question whether the Pope ever saw these latter. At all events, if he saw them, he did not accept them; nor have his successors accepted them. From Pius VII to Pius X all the Popes have protested against them.

Cardinal Merry del Val, in a note dated the 26th July, 1904, addressed to the French Chargé d'Affaires, was quite right when he said that the Holy See "had never ceased to protest against the organic articles," and he pointed out once more that they constituted a unilateral measure on the part of the French Government and were quite distinct from the Concordat itself.

We should not therefore refer to the Law of the 18th Germinal, Year X, as a Concordat. We should merely say that out of the ninety-three articles of that law regarding Catholic worship seventeen of them represent the nucleus of a Concordat.

A perusal of these organic articles cannot fail to cause us considerable surprise. The whole thing is an extraordinary hotch-potch of civil law and canon law, of politics and theology. It is the sack in which Bonaparte cunningly hid whatever he did not want the Pope to see. Article 24, for example, contains in it the whole teaching of the Gallican

Church from Saint Bernard down to Bossuet. And this same article, which lays down the law concerning the authority of councils and the rights possessed by the Bishop of Rome in determining matters of faith, was never approved, was never even seen, by Pius VII.

And here is a remarkable thing. The provisions laid down in the Agreement of the 26th Messidor, Year IX, which was passed by the Pope, have their sanctions in the Organic Articles of the 18th Germinal, Year X, of which he did not approve. It follows that the French Government could never make use of a single one of these legal sanctions without incurring the protests of the Curia. And if it is the duty of the State to apply the Organic Articles as forming a part of her law, it is none the less the Church's duty to resist their application, since they are not part of hers. Such then is the nature of the covenant established in 1801.

Bonaparte, it must be conceded, had no need of Papal briefs to keep his clergy in order. He could imprison or deport them. Whenever he liked he could kidnap the Pope and occupy Rome. But what he did not quite realise was that things would not always be thus, and he put some fine rods in pickle for his successors.

The plea has been gravely put forward that the abrogation of the Concordat would rob the State of the means of imposing, through the episcopate, some restraint on the language and actions of the clergy. But the Concordat proper provides the State with no legal means of bringing pressure to bear on the bishops. The Organic Articles, not recognised by the Pope, empower the Government to cause the

authorities of the Conseil d'État to declare that if a bishop acts in contravention of the laws of the Republic, he is rendering himself liable to prosecution, but this neither the bishop nor his followers will admit, because they refuse to admit that the Conseil d'État has any authority to interfere in matters of ecclesiastical discipline, and because prosecution on the grounds of infringement is prohibited by Clause 41 of the *Syllabus*. Further, the Government lays claim to another prerogative which the Curia likewise refuses to recognise. It empowers them to deprive contumacious bishops and curates of the stipend granted to them in terms of the Concordat; and so inflicts upon them a penalty which is as harsh in appearance as it is inoperative in fact, since the emoluments of which the bishop and his clergy are thus deprived are made up to them by their flocks. So much for the Government's control over the bishops.

And Rome knows all that well enough. In her eyes the Concordat was never a treaty. It was a passport, the piece of paper which gives her a status and enables her to go about her business in the Republic without let or hindrance. That is why she clings to it. Without that piece of paper she would have neither name nor status in France.

In an allocution pronounced in the Consistory of the 27th September, 1852, and in terms of Clause 55 of the *Syllabus* of the 8th December, 1864, Pope Pius IX included among the principal errors of our times this very proposal for sundering Church from State and State from Church.

The Church, indeed, cannot voluntarily submit to being excluded from the governments of the

States in which she aspires to play her part. For if the Concordat does not entrust her with the management of the country's affairs, it at least gives her a say in them. The Concordat is the last precious remnant of her ancient alliance with the State and the means whereby she hopes, in time, to resume her moral sceptre and bring the secular power to heel. By virtue of the Concordat, Monsieur Loubet, as successor to Charlemagne, is, in Christian Gaul, the Vicar Temporal of the Pope. If the submission of the President of the Republic to the Church is not as wholehearted and unqualified as it might be, if he fails to draw the sword in order to give Peter back his birthright, the dereliction is to be ascribed to his evil disposition and the deplorable circumstance of the times. But that is a calamity that may cease. If, however, the Concordat is torn up, the Holy See loses its sole remaining title to participate in the government of the Republic. It loses its hold on France.

Rome is out to maintain the principle of the Concordat as a remnant of her old inquisitorial powers.

It must not be said of the Church that in former times she caused her sentences to be carried out by the secular arm, but that she has now renounced that practice. The Church never renounces. Nor must it be said that she has changed. She never changes. While all around her is in motion, she alone moves not; and when people marvel thereat, she tells them it's a miracle. To-day, as heretofore, she lays claim to a temporal power, direct and indirect, which she calls the political and corporal power of punishment. The Church still holds that

it is the duty of the secular arm to burn heretics and that the wickedness of man is the only reason that hinders it from continuing to carry out its office. Present-day Popes hold precisely the same view of the Holy Office as that held by their predecessors Innocent III and Paul III.

In the middle of the nineteenth century (1853) that same *Civiltà Cattolica* represented the Inquisition as the crowning glory of social perfection. At the same time the *Univers* of Louis Veuillot professed admiration of its "sublime justice" and belauded it as "a real miracle."

He besought with all his prayers its happy restoration, affirming the right and duty of the Pope to reinstate it among all nations.

The Church of Rome claims to exercise civil and political authority over the entire world. It is because she is a spiritual power that she is a temporal power. It is in order that men's souls should be in effectual subjection to her that she concerns herself with the subjugation of their bodies. It is true that she rises above the things of this world. It is also true that she envelops and permeates them. She dominates the earth, but she herself is of the earth. And when our statesmen and our legislators call upon her to confine herself to her spiritual domain, and assure us that she will certainly do so and be well content, it is manifest, unless they be too simple by half, that they are making game either of her or of us.

If the Pope's infallibility in matters of faith is theological in character, his infallibility in the matters of morals is political. It gives him a grip on every man's conscience, it gives him the tem-

poral directorship of every kind of society, it is the *Syllabus* imposed as a part of their constitution on the various States.

The unwavering stand which the Popes have always made against Governments which fail to yield them complete submission and insist on reserving a certain measure of liberty for the governed compels our admiration. Innocent III condemned the English *Magna Charta*. Innocent X refused to recognise the Peace of Westphalia because it guaranteed the Reformed Party in the free exercise of their religion. Gregory XVI greeted the Belgian Constitution of 1832 with an encyclical declaring that freedom of conscience was absurd and the freedom of the Press pernicious. Rome fulminated against the Spanish laws regarding freedom of public worship, and even against the Constitution of Catholic Austria, which she declared abominable, because it allowed Protestants and Jews to set up centres of instruction and education for their own people. There is not a country in Europe to-day that does not come under the ban of Rome, save only one—Russia. Clause 80 of the *Syllabus* says: "Those people are plunged in culpable error who claim that the Pope can and must make terms with the progress, liberalism and civilisation of to-day."

All power independent of the Pope is unlawful; all power disobedient to him is criminal. When, in the recent struggle between the monastic orders and the French Republic, Didon the Dominican informed the generals, in the name of the Church, that too easy-going authorities would have to be deposed, when he threatened with loss of office the

abject Felix Faure and his Ministers on the ground that they had shown leniency towards those odious men who had displayed some respect for justice, this monk was in the true ecclesiastical tradition, and was acting in conformity with the twenty-third provision of the *Syllabus*, which lays down that, "now, as heretofore, the Popes may depose kings at will, and make a free gift to whomsoever they may think fit of Nations and Kingdoms."

Without doubt, the Very Christian Kings, the Catholic Kings, the Ministers of pious Governments who have lapsed into disobedience and infidelity may, if they duly repent and there be still time, be taken back again into favour. But you, republicans, socialists, free-thinkers, you, Ministers and representatives of a Republic which refuses to submit to the Pope's authority, you need expect no pardon from her; in her eyes you don't exist at all, since you are Catholics no longer. By her you have been irrevocably judged and condemned. She hurries on the moment for executing the sentence. You are her vanquished ones, her prisoners. Every day she adds to her army of occupation. Every day she extends her conquests. She has already bereft you of the greater portion of your *bourgeoisie*; she carries off whole cities, she lays siege to the factories; she has, as you well know, her secret service agents in your Administrative Departments, in your Cabinets, in your Courts of Justice, in the very Headquarters of your Army.

Your own Church, the Church of the Gauls, has passed into the hands of the foreigner. You now have in your midst nothing save an Ultramontane militia made up of priests and monks, the soldiers

of the Pope, encamped amid the ruins of the Republic.

Your Bishops are at daggers-drawn with you. The Church of Rome gives them their orders and incites them to the combat.

Ask no peace of her; she will not and cannot grant it you. If, in your dealings with her you follow in the footsteps of your predecessors and continue the policy of the Restoration, of the July Monarchy and of the second Empire, you will only give her enough to make her stronger still, but not enough to disarm her enmity towards you; and thus you will have armed an enemy with yet stronger powers to do you ill. Beware of giving her aught; she will give you nothing. This time she has it in mind not to impress the laity into furthering her designs and increasing her glory, but to crush it as a punishment for its infidelity. She is taking your place, she is usurping your functions. The temporal ascendancy of the Popes, which was a blot on the human race, she is openly striving to set up anew among you. She aims at turning France into a province of the Papal States. On the heights of Montmartre she has already raised the Saint Peter's of a New Rome.

But the forces which she turns against you—whence does she derive them? From you. It is you who, by the Concordat, maintain her organisation, preserve her unity. It is you who make her a temporal power. It is you who set her up against the Republic and establish, in opposition to the civil authority of France, the civil authority of Rome. You it is who put into her hands the weapons wherewith she strikes you. Why then hesitate to

wrest them from her? Administered by you, she rules the roost in every branch of your public service. Break the bonds by which you bind her to the State, shatter the outward forms by which you confer upon her the countenance and *simulacrum* of a great political institution. And you will soon see her dissolving and melting away like snow in the waters of liberty.

A LETTER

READ AT A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF EUGÈNE
CARRIÈRE ON THE 20TH DECEMBER, 1904



UGUSTE RODIN, dear Comrades,
My thoughts will be with you to-night, Auguste Rodin, and with all the other guests who will be gathering round Eugène Carrière at the Restaurant Vantier, and I regret that I am unable to take my place at that friendly table.

When I think of all the praise that will be showered upon the great artist, I feel that the absence of my own tribute will bring umbrage to no one but myself. I should have felt it an honour indeed to give expression to my admiration for so kindly and beneficent a genius. And when I say that the genius of Carrière is kindly, I am using the word in a deeply human yet somewhat novel sense; I wish to connote by it a manly, virile sweetness, combined with a salutary wisdom.

But worthily to praise a great achievement one must set about it simply, and try to make the expression of one's thoughts as natural as the thoughts themselves.

If I had been able to sit at your table to-night I should have said to Carrière:

"You have applied yourself to your art with uncompromising sincerity and loving ardour. You

have set yourself, with all your heart and all your mind, to the task of becoming a good painter. You have copied with loving patience, with industrious skill, the various forms of the life as you have known it in the modest and tranquil environment in which you have your being, and with a mind permeated with these aspects and appearances, stored with impressions of a simple and kindly existence, you have felt and given expression to emotions that no one has ever before succeeded in putting upon canvas. You have created a new order of beauty, a beauty that is at once homely and august, pathetic and familiar, a beauty which, for all its touch of grandeur, comes home to the human heart. And because you know that expression in every work of art is necessarily dependent on technique and on the means of execution, your technique, your workmanship have gone on growing ever more and more perfect in proportion as your faculties of perception have increased in delicacy and power.

You have learned the secret of setting forth on canvas, in a symphony of aerial greys amid an infinite wealth of harmonious tones and cunning gradations of light, those unerring effects of outline and substance which caused Rodin to exclaim as he looked at your pictures, "Carrière is a sculptor too."

It is because you know how to build that you know how to create atmosphere. It is because you give firm expression to form that you can envelop it in whatever veils you will. It is because you are so deeply versed in the secrets of line and colour that you can produce an atmosphere of reverie and mystery. But how comes it, Carrière, how comes

it that, in your hands, all this greyness, this vagueness awakens in us a sensation of infinite pity, of ineffable tenderness which moves our hearts so deeply? How comes it that in apparelling Nature with this dim grey vesture, you render her so touching and so holy? Therein lies a mystery, the mystery of your genius, the secret of your heart.

You put a fine calling and fine workmanship at the service of a fine mind, a mind as brave as it is tender. All who know you, know that what I say is true. There is no sweeter, purer, nobler soul in the world than yours, and that soul is mirrored in all your work.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST MEETING HELD TO
SYMPATHISE WITH THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE,
ON THE 30TH JANUARY, 1905



ITOYENS, I will not here recount again the scenes of horror which for five days past have been present in your minds, filling them with indignation, wrath and pity. I will not repeat to you how the Czar has given to the sword men dying of hunger and want, men whose only crime was, from the depths of their distress, to cry to him, as to a father, to give them succour. And their fervent prayers, their filial appeals, their tears, he answered with the knouts of his cossacks and the bullets of his grenadiers. Those bullets found a target in an eikon of himself carried by the priest Gapon. And so, despite himself, the Czar slew the Czar. From the blood which crimsoned the waters of the Neva, men shall rise up in their millions to avenge the slaughtered victims. The Czar has slain the Czar, and kindled the fires of a revolution that shall devour the tyrant and all his works. The day of Nicolas Alexandrovitch is already over, and his memory will be held in everlasting execration throughout the world.

You, at least, you who are gathered here, are more fortunate than so many of your fellow-citizens.

When your thoughts turn to the martyrs of Saint Petersburg, no feelings of remorse need mingle with your sorrow. You are not of those who, with unblushing effrontery and barefaced trickery, organised that monstrous alliance between the Despot and the Republic, and who, glorying in the successful negotiation of a profitable commercial transaction, impelled the people to go in their thousands to invest their savings in the Great Russian Loan, and impelled them so often and so fiercely that you may say it was our little French shopkeepers who found the money for the war in Manchuria and the massacres at Saint Petersburg and Riga. No. You did not shout "Long live the Czar" when you were nearly knocked down by the horses which pranced down our streets and boulevards, drawing along the Russian Bear when he was taken out for an airing by the Élysée Turkeycock.

How welcome, Citoyens, how welcome your indignant protests that take away the stain of yesterday's disgrace! And how great a relief for the public conscience to see the French proletariat greeting their Russian brothers with hands that were never guilty of applauding their persecutors.

Citoyens, for five days the Czar's Government has been putting the workers to the sword and flinging into prison the intellectuals who espoused their cause. We see that the Revolution has begun and that it will not stop. But there is, alas! nothing to tell us that its course will not be long and bloody. Splendid and terrible is the spectacle. There are young folk from school and college going forth with their teachers to make common cause with the proletariat and to march with them to victory or to death; and here the martyred nations, heroic

Poland and stout-hearted Finland, still torn and bleeding from the lash of their persecutors, arise trembling with wrath and indignation; behold, from the vast stretches of the Empire a cry goes up to heaven from the bosoms of the oppressed, an immense sigh rises up from these Slavonic hearts, that are at once so gentle and so brave. Czarism has received its death-blow. But, alas! who can tell how much more human flesh he will consume as he lies writhing in the throes of his dying agony? And so, with what sorrowing sympathy, with what agony of suspense we send our prayers and our homage to the revolutionaries of Russia.

But, Citoyens, it is not everything to condemn the evils of Czardom and to bewail the sufferings of its victims. If the Russians, whose calm courage, admirable simplicity, and fundamental goodness entitle them to a better lot, are at this moment the bondsmen of masters whose brutish ferocity and ruinous greed have not their like throughout the world, if there exists nowhere upon earth a Government so evil as the Government of Russia, yet those same countries which boast of their freedom, and which, like our own, have doubtless some justification for believing that they have won a certain degree of political liberty and secured some measure of social freedom, are all, or nearly all, threatened to-day with a return, or at least a partial and temporary return, of those forces of violence and oppression of which the Russian tyranny furnishes the most complete example. Compared with Russia France is free, Europe is free. Yet it is none the less true that the proletariat are nowhere secure against the onslaught of a barbarous and unenlightened reaction. If Russia has Czarism, Eng-

land, Germany and the United States of America have got their imperialism, Belgium and Italy their clericalism, and France its nationalism.

These powers of death still hang over Kingdoms and Empires and Republics. They rumble above our heads as they do above other lands. Do not let us live in a fool's paradise. After the lapse of a century, after the shedding of such quantities of blood, what does our progress amount to? Don't let us be cheated by words, or misled by the word Republic. Did not the cruel old man who was the first President of that same Republic let loose in Paris the routed armies of Metz and Sedan that put thirty thousand people to the sword? Was it not just fourteen years ago that this *bourgeois* Republic, so harsh in its treatment of the workers who loved it so well that they have died for it, shot down the strikers of Fourmies? Have its Ministers—Ferry, Dupuy, Méline, for example—displayed greater solicitude for the masses than their counterparts in monarchical England and imperial Germany?

Why, just look at our statesmen, our Government leaders to-day. Finding themselves powerless against the forces of the military caste, they endeavour to dissemble the feebleness of their acts beneath the grandiloquence of their language. The sword is at their throats and the civil government takes its orders from the Supreme War Council. The army leaders do not hesitate to provoke the forces of sedition. One day some general is indignant because he has been taken for a Republican; another day a subaltern sends some grossly insulting messages to the editors of several Socialist organs, or again, some superior officer, addressing a full War

Council, tells his hearers how he longs for a return of the days when, after the massacres of 1871, civilians walking along the Paris streets humbly gave way before the victorious officers of the Commune.

It looks as if the military and nationalist conspiracy were about to blaze forth. And do you imagine, Citoyens, that you are going to avert the peril by putting a stockbroker in charge of the War Office? No, a menace will continue to hang over the French proletariat so long as our democracy suffers military institutions, monarchical in spirit and origin, to retain their pride of place.

In order to be secure, to be free, the proletariat, as you know full well, must count on no one but themselves. Against oppression of every sort, against Czarism, Imperialism, Nationalism, the proletariats of the world must close their ranks. They must present a united front against the universal triumvirate of the Priest, the Soldier and the Financier.

I can't help feeling some admiration for our Nationalists. These gentry are Catholics, Militarists and Capitalists, and therefore internationalists three times over. Internationalists in their religion, the head of which is at Rome, internationalists in that they are capitalists—and capital knows no country—internationalists by that brotherhood in arms which links the military chiefs of the world's armies together, and on the mountainous heaps of slaughtered soldiers unites the Stoessels of Russia and the Nogis of Japan, on both of whom the German Emperor, the better to affirm Germany's hegemony over the world in arms, bestows the order of the Black Eagle. And those are the people who

are for ever proclaiming from the housetops how greatly they love their country. But who can fail to see that in reality the thing they adorn with the names of nationalism and patriotism, is the coalition of the forces of reaction and oppression all the world over, the "International" of servitude and force? To that "International," Citoyens, let us make answer with the International of the Workers, the International of Liberty, Harmonious Labour and Peace.

And now, reverting to the theme which brought us here, let us send a fraternal greeting to the revolutionaries of Russia.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE SECOND MEETING OF
SYMPATHY WITH THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, HELD
ON THE 1ST FEBRUARY, 1905



CITOYENNES and Citoyens, the popular Universities of the seventeenth and eighteenth arrondissements are gathered here to give expression to their sorrowing sympathy with the Russian people in the sufferings inflicted upon them under the Czarist régime. That is why we are assembled here in this hall. "You have no right," we are told, "to interfere in the politics of a foreign Power." Our answer shall be that if the Saint Petersburg massacres are an example of the politics of Czardom, they are also an outrage against humanity, and that such a crime fires the indignation of the whole human race.

We shall answer that the blood of the Russian proletariat has been shed, and that a new solidarity is to-day beginning to unite the proletariats of every country, and that the day will come, and come soon, when there will be but one proletariat, a mighty champion in the cause of peace.

And finally we shall answer that the Czarist tyranny is not merely a Russian but a European malady. Czarism is reaction that spreads its

tentacles over the whole of Europe, it is the active centre of international capitalism, the last hope of the clerical *bourgeoisie* in Germany and France.

Why! has not Czarism been smuggled into our country under the cloak of the alliance? Nay, what indeed is this Franco-Russian Alliance but the invasion of our country by Czarism? All our monarchists, all our clericalists, all our nationalists knew perfectly well that, when they urged on the Russian alliance, they were setting up a counter-revolution in France.

The most salient outcome of this alliance was the pouring of the accumulated savings of our lower middle classes into the exchequer of the Russian Government, who used the money to wage in Manchuria the stupidest and most odious of wars.

The alliance was the Loan. That is the plain truth of the matter.

But was there something more? There was some talk about a treaty. A secret treaty. No one has ever seen it.

At the beginning of this war, in which Czarism was to display the full extent of its capabilities, I heard it said very vaguely that there was a definite understanding between France and Russia, and that if Russia found herself at war with a third Power, France was bound to intervene. I asked Monsieur Combes, the Prime Minister, if this statement had any foundation in fact. Monsieur Combes thought it incumbent upon him as a member of the Cabinet to refrain from giving any definite answer, but he assured me, in the plainest possible terms, that so long as he held office we need have no fear that

any of our soldiers or sailors would be sent to Japan.

It is my idea, Citoyens, that such a piece of folly need not be apprehended under any Government. My confidence in this matter is not based on the fact that we are a Republic. It was under the Republic that the clericals dispatched an expedition to Rome. But I think that in our day no French Government would have the face to fit out a fleet and mobilise two or three hundred thousand men to assist Alexeieff and Bezobrazoff in extracting fresh millions from the forests of Korea. Nevertheless, it is none the less odious and absurd that Republican France should be tied up by a secret treaty to the Czar.

A secret treaty! Our Foreign Office Ministers are an extraordinary set of people. They belong to the Old Régime. They have not changed since Louis the Fifteenth's day. One might say that our Delcassé had been nursed in the lap of Madame de Pompadour. Yet it is nothing of the kind. His origin is quite modest and respectable. One day he set foot in Paris, young, eager, his pockets stuffed with manuscripts, both prose and verse. There was no harm in him. He was just a perky little specimen of a radical, just like hundreds of others. If he were still a deputy, still but a Minister of Commerce or Agriculture, or something of the kind, he would still be affable, genteel and moderate in his views—not at all the sort of person to applaud a crime. But since he began to hob-nob with Kings and Emperors, he hasn't known himself, and I rather think he looks down on us a little. One day, after dinner, the Czar gave him a cigar, a fat

cigar. Ever since then Delcassé has had that cigar in his mouth, and the smoke of it has put a veil between him and the folly, the wretchedness, the crimes of Czardom, the war, the Revolution, Kuropatkin's flight across the vast spaces of Manchuria, the destruction of the Russian Fleet, the fall of Port Arthur, the Saint Petersburg massacres, the arrest of all men of good will, intelligence and pity in Russia, Gorki and hosts of others dragged before a court-martial and sentenced out of hand, and lastly a nation's wrath hovering, like doom, over the last of the Romanoffs. That cigar hides the world from his vision, and the little man who can no longer see what is going on remarks with a smile, as he sits in his office at the Quai d'Orsay, "The war between Russia and Japan hasn't started yet. It will be short and go well for our friends and allies. Order, tranquillity, prosperity and joy prevail in Russia. Poland and Finland are happy. The Czar is certainly a useful and an agreeable ally."

Citoyens, we are not going to believe the little black-coated gentleman of the Quai d'Orsay. The French democracy cannot ally itself with a murderous autocrat. The French democracy extends a fraternal hand to all the peoples of the world. It cannot, and will not, give men and money to their enemies. As Republicans and Socialists we stand with the oppressed against the oppressor. As proletarians we stand opposed to all forms of tyranny, in company with the proletarians of the world. And how could our friendships, our alliances, be elsewhere than with them, seeing that the fortunes of the French proletariat depend upon

the fortunes of the proletariat as a whole? We are on the side of the vanquished. The vanquished of to-day will be the victors of to-morrow.

Long live the workers of Russia, Poland and Finland.

SPEECH

ON BEHALF OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE, AT A
THIRD MEETING, HELD ON THE 3RD FEBRUARY,
1905



OMRADES, why all these meetings following so closely one upon another? Why these gatherings of free men? Why this concourse of all who labour with heart and hand here in this country? Why these generous and thrilling words to which you have just given ear? Why are our hearts thus stirred? What is the reason of this strange emotion? And how comes it that all men of science and learning, all thoughtful men in Germany, in Italy, in America are moved, even as we are moved, at the tidings of a crime wrought far away, in a distant foreign land? Why, it is because there are now no such things in the world as foreign crimes, distant crimes. Men have drawn closer to one another. Civilisation and science have annihilated distance, both moral and intellectual.

Despite their vast arrays of force by land and sea, despite their old and ingrained prejudices, despite the age-old suspicion betwixt rich and poor, despite the remnants of barbarism which dignify themselves with the names of Imperialism and Nationalism, the nations feel that they are closer to

one another, that old barriers are broken down, old differences reconciled. It is because universal solidarity is about to be born, or rather to be born anew, for you must recognise in it that broad human charity which was one of the lessons inculcated by Rome, by pagan Rome, to whom we owe all that we possess. It is that a world-wide and disciplined movement is uniting and welding together the working classes of all nations, because the great watchword of socialism has been made to resound far and wide throughout the world. "Proletarians of all countries, stand shoulder to shoulder. The union of the workers will bring peace to the world."

Salutary and mighty words. For, Comrades, be not deceived. At this very hour, above the ruins of the old aristocracies that have crumbled into dust, on the ruins of castes that have been broken down and scattered far and wide, on the ruins of capitalism and all its works, there is rising, peaceful and industrious, that great union of the people which, to-morrow, will sway the destinies of the world.

It is a sign of the times, Comrades, that the bullets which have struck down the Russian workers on the banks of the Neva have sounded in the ear of every human being. It is a presage of the coming dawn that this universal outcry against the Czar who . . . But what more should we say of that abject creature? What need to say it again? The Czar was slain by the Czar on that day of tragic bloodshed.

The Czar is dead. It was his ghost, his loathsome and lamentable spectre, which, a few days since, in the shadows of his palace of Tsarskoe-Selo, whose walls seem all adrip with crime and horror, deigned, with a pitiable effrontery, to extend his

pardon to the workers who were massacred by his orders for the crime of appealing to him as their father. Let us say no more about the last of the Romanoffs. His fate is sealed. Let us leave the instigators and accomplices of his crimes, whose guilt is blacker than his own, let us leave the Grand-Dukes, to answer for themselves at the bar of a people whom they have pitilessly deceived, despoiled, humiliated and tortured. Let Russia be their judge. The Grand-Dukes will come no more to make holiday in Paris. Let us speak of them no more.

"Your silence comes too late," we shall be told. "You have already said too much. Your outbursts of indignation have but too ruthlessly undone the alliance, this invaluable alliance."

To that we have an answer, an answer not lacking in cogency.

The alliance! Yes, if it meant uniting ourselves with the patient, brave and generous Russian people, with what ardour we should open our arms to them, with what sympathy we should give them our friendship, with what joy we should behold them entering with us into the brotherhood of federated peoples! But this is not an alliance with Russia; it is something far different, it is an alliance with the Czar, which our Republican Government, with its monarchical traditions, has foisted upon us. And this alliance, employed from the outset to promote the *bourgeois* reaction, ratified by admiring shop girls of the Rue de la Paix who pelted the Cronstadt sailors with flowers—this alliance, since lauded to the skies with extravagant and undignified eulogy by a vain and foolish Minister, this alliance outrageously exploited by greedy financiers who recklessly flung the savings of the French people into

the leaky coffers of a tottering Empire, this alliance at once so blatant and so secret—what has it brought in its train? A hideous war in the Far East, a war of which, in company with Russia, we recklessly sowed the seeds, fortunate beyond our deserts if our friend and ally does not drag us along with her to Manchuria and involve us in the immeasurable disasters she has brought upon her own head.

No, it is not for the people of France to unite with the Czar against this race or that, in the West or in the East. The French people are the friends of all nations, of the English no less than of the German, of the Russian no less than of the Japanese. The France of the Revolution, socialist France, the New France, says, like Sophocles' glorious heroine, "I am destined to partake of love, not hate."

The alliance of France and the Czar has spread unrest throughout the world, set the East on fire and brought about hideous disaster. And it has brought us nothing, nothing save an attack of Czarism. Czarism is a disease that is epidemic in character. It reminds us of those plagues of the Middle Ages which advanced like a swart and pitiless sun from East to West. In this manner we have beheld Czarism, starting from Russia, contaminating, I will not say the whole German people, but the Emperor William and his Junkers. Then it reached France. The form it has assumed in our country, though a trifle less malignant, is nevertheless insistent and pernicious. We know it under the guise of Nationalism. It plays a great part in this fever of reaction of which we are at this very moment witnessing a manifestation that at any time may take a graver turn.

I have no desire now to go into the political and

parliamentary troubles which afflict us. I will conclude this brief address with some reflections of a loftier and more general character, reflections better suited to the temper of a youthful and generous audience.

All you young folk who are listening to me now, students and scholars, my comrades all, the day will soon come when you will be succeeding us in the world and taking our places in the ranks. Yours will be a happier lot than ours and you will do more than we have done. But there will be at least one thing which we shall have taught you, and which I beseech you not to forget. We set you, I am proud to say, an excellent example when we bore our part in something more honourable to France than a victory, something that was indeed a victory, the victory of Right over Wrong. For we feel that we are victors when we see so many leaving their own party and hastening to join our ranks. By confronting the united forces of political power and public opinion in the defence of an innocent and unhappy man, we taught you not to allow your moral and intellectual opinions to be trampled on by the State. We taught you not to stifle the voice of your own consciences. We taught you—I call on Painlevé and the beloved leaders who are seated by his side to bear me out—not to bow down before the tyranny of power and crime. We taught you to make the voice of truth ring out above the rattle of sabres and the shouting of the mob. We have shown you how brave and generous men should act when judges are dumb and statesmen utter lies. And so far forth, notwithstanding all our shortcomings, all our errors, all our faults, we have been good masters.

But I feel that these exhortations are superfluous ; you need them not, for it was you who summoned us hither, and all of us, teachers and disciples alike, find ourselves united in a fervent communion of emotions and ideas. It is a wise thing to keep our illusions. For it is illusion which lends the world its interest and significance. And illusions when they have method and reason in them have this advantage, they create realities in their own image.

And that is why, when I leave you, I shall bear away and treasure up the illusion that you will labour after we are gone to organise the world on a foundation of peace, and to bring about the union of all the nations of the world, a world of which no portion shall remain uncharted and unknown.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED ON THE 12TH FEBRUARY AT A
GRAND SOIRÉE ORGANISED IN THE INTERESTS OF
PEACE BY A GROUP OF ARTISTS.¹



CITOYENNES and Citoyens, we are evil-minded folk, odious people. We say aloud what everyone is thinking. We are saying to-day what the whole world will be saying to-morrow. We are lovers of peace; that is not a crime. Everyone or nearly everyone in France is a lover of peace. The crime is not in being a peace-lover, but in saying so, or at all events in saying so plainly and simply in language naked and unashamed. For, let us be fair. You can say you are a pacifist, even in France, if you adopt the right tone—a threatening tone, a grim and formidable

¹ This Soirée took place in the Grande Salle des Fêtes at the Trocadero under the presidency of MM. Eugène Carrière and Anatole France, supported by Mesdames Louis Havet, Menard-Dorian, Psichari, Severine and Émile Zola.

NOTE.—At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War a number of painters, sculptors, engravers and architects formed themselves into a group which met at the office of Edouard Pelletan, the publisher, under the chairmanship of MM. Eugène Carrière and Anatole France, to assist the wounded without distinction of nationality and to protest against the war. This group published the album entitled "Aux Victimes" and organised a tombola. The Soirée of the 12th February was the last phase of this manifestation of the brotherhood of man.

tone. Our leading statesmen, our Ministers, never fail in this. The gentlest of them, the agriculturists even, never pray for the continuance of peace without belauding the military virtues. And our deputies, when addressing their constituents, always extol a martial peace.

And so, on receiving an invitation to be present at some patriotic celebrations, M. Ribot, a deputy and an ex-Cabinet Minister, excuses himself, in an eloquent letter in which he condemns the pacific ideas proclaimed by Jaurès and his friends. Those ideas involve sacrifices to which he could never consent. The mere mention of disarmament alarms his truculent patriotism. Every sentence he utters is a sort of *Marseillaise*. The kind of peace which the socialists advocate, he indignantly repudiates; it is putting an indignity upon the country, upon an ex-Foreign Minister. But are we to take it that M. Ribot wants war? Is he burning to dispatch troops to the frontier? No! He, too, wants peace, a peace with trappings, a peace tricked out with all the pomp and circumstance of war. M. Ribot is just as pacific as Jaurès. But Jaurès wants a plain, homespun peace; M. Ribot wants peace with a flourish. The thing is significant. Everybody in France wants peace, but while we, humble folk, socialists and proletarians, are content with peace in workaday clothes, our rich people, who have bigger ideas, clamour for a peace adorned with the insignia of war and laden with the simulacra of glory.

It is a generally accepted truth in our country that we keep up an army for the sole purpose of avoiding war. This our senior officers readily admit. And the thing was clearly brought out

on the occasion of a memorable trial which it gives us satisfaction to recall, I mean the Dreyfus trial. When Zola was arraigned before the Court of Assizes a zealous general thought to secure his condemnation by endeavouring to impale the jury on the horns of this specious dilemma.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," he said, "if Zola is acquitted, it means Dreyfus is innocent; if Dreyfus is innocent, it means war. Do you want us to lead your sons to the slaughter?"

No, the jurymen of the Seine did not want that. And so they condemned Zola although he was innocent, Zola who told them the truth, Zola the upright man and noble citizen. "Better," they thought, "that such a man should go to prison than that we should have war with Germany." There you have quite worthy people who did not think injustice too high a price to pay for peace.

These examples will suffice. It is agreed now that France is all in favour of peace. All we say is, "One swallow doesn't make a summer."

True enough; but what we want to know is whether France is the only country that exhibits these pacific systems. Look at Germany. Germany is militarist. Her army is superb. She has the finest army in the world . . . so have we. Every country has the finest army in the world. But Germany goes one better. For Emperor, she has a corporal, a great corporal, the very model and perfection of corporals, the emperor, the god of corporals—Corporal Hohenzollern, Corporal Lohengrin, William is the corporal *par excellence*, complete with moustache. Nature and environment combined to make a warrior of him. But in the fifteen years that he's been on the throne, what has he

done? He has written poetry, painted pictures, sailed on pleasure cruises, taken up music, public speaking, gymnastics, sculpture, theology and dancing. But war? Oh, no! Why? Why? Because apparently there has been some change in Germany, some change in Europe. Because, during the last forty years, industrial progress has resulted in the development and organisation of the proletariat in Germany, as in the other European countries, and because, if manufacturers and financiers are sometimes not bent on peace, the workers always are; and, finally, because there is a socialist minority in the Reichstag which is continually increasing, a minority with internationalist and pacific ideals.

"Well, then," you will say, "grant that Germany is pacifically inclined owing to the influence of her working classes, how about Russia?"

Russia? Well, I am bound to admit that the Government of Russia cannot be included among the wise and moderating influences in Europe to-day. Yes, there is no doubt about it, the Russian Government has been a great disturber of the world's peace. If it did not actually declare war on Japan, it made that war inevitable, it wanted war and it made war—if you can call it making war to send hordes of human beings to their death without any idea of order or method or plan and without anyone to lead them. Yes, the Russian Government plunged into a war for which it hadn't even begun to prepare, a war which has involved the country in unprecedented defeats and unimaginable disasters. But, fortunately for us, the Russian Government is unique. There is nothing else like it in the world. To the honour of the

human race, the world has only one Czar. And before long it won't have even one. Yes, it was the Czar and his Government, who have now been judged and condemned once for all, that made this war. But it will be the death of them. The Russian people, who, with their patience, their courage, their great hearts, are at this very moment fighting for liberty—these working men, these scholars, these students, these merchants, these splendid heroes, these countless martyrs—hearken to their voices. "Long live Peace!" they cry as they bear their part in the fight for freedom in the revolution that shall avenge the conscience of mankind and put an end to the confusion and the ruin wrought by the barbarism and rapacity of the Czarist Government throughout the world.

Slowly and surely, some showing the way to the others, all the peoples of the world are marching onward towards peace. No doubt there will be more wars. The savage instincts of man, arrogance, hunger, those immemorial disturbers of the world's peace, have not yet finished their task. The different peoples of the world have not yet found their equilibrium. The intercourse of race with race, of people with people, is not yet sufficiently systematic to permit of the increase of human welfare by facilitating exchange and by establishing Free Trade. Not everywhere yet has man won the respect of man.

If the Czarist régime is happily unique and about to disappear, Imperialism still holds sway over the two hemispheres of the globe. Imperialist arrogance and colonial folly are alike to be dreaded. In France we must keep a wary eye on an ignorant and unintelligent nationalism. Believe me, Citoyens,

we must beware of Doumerism. Doumerism is, no doubt, ridiculous; but it is dangerous too. It is often the little men who bring about the greatest catastrophes. Let us then look askance at Doumerism. Let us fight shy of vast financial and military enterprises. Let us beware of fourscore years of victory and trade in Morocco.

There you have plenty of subjects for apprehension. And yet, Citoyens, we hold firmly to our belief in the future peace of the world. Nor is it on our dreams and our longings that our hopes are based, but on our observations of social phenomena, on the history of material progress.

Universal peace will come some day, not because men will grow better (for that we must not expect), but because a new order of things, new scientific discoveries, new economic necessities, will impose peace upon them as a no less ineluctable condition of their existence than the warlike régime which it is destined to replace.

By following the line of the rising curve into the distant future we may even now prepare for the more frequent and more thorough intercommunication between all races and all peoples, and pave the way for the rational organisation of labour and the establishment of the United States of the world. No, that is no dream which will vanish in the light of day, no vain illusion.

On the contrary, those men are the dreamers, those men are misled by phantoms, who deem, because they breathe the air of militarism and ruthless colonial conquest, that the existing order, or rather the existing disorder, will last for ever. But do they really hold that belief? . . . No, they know well enough that war will not endure inde-

finitely. They know how it will be killed, and what will kill it. They know that the day is at hand when the workers of all nations will join together and form one single universal proletariat, and that, in the language of the great socialist watchword, "the Union of the Workers will bring peace to the world."

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING ORGANISED
BY THE "FRIENDS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE,"
ON THE 18TH MARCH, 1905.



CITIZENS, ever since the 22nd January, 1905, of hateful memory, affairs in Russia have followed their tragic and appointed course. In Manchuria the necessary disasters have been accomplished. The Commander-in-Chief, Kuropatkin, has sustained the defeats which, as Minister for War, he had rendered inevitable. After which, the Czar entrusted the conduct of the rout to another warrior. During this period, throughout the whole of Russia, the indignation of thoughtful men; the just and sorrowful reproaches of the workers, the spirited protestations of peoples betrayed, like the Finns, or tortured, like the Armenians of the Caucasus, have everywhere been met by secret and violent action on the part of the police, the only force in Russia that still remains intact.

Defeat without; revolution within. Like the aloe, Czarism has given its flower and now has nought to do but die.

The last private letters that have reached us bring these tidings: "Massacres are still in progress over the length and breadth of Russia." To be moved

by such crimes against humanity one only has to be a man. But we French people have, unhappily, good reason to be stirred to the very centre of our being, to the inmost depths of our hearts, for with our wrath is mingled the shadow of remorse. We ourselves are not wholly exempt from a consciousness of complicity in the cruel excesses of the Czarist Government. We supplied it with the means of perpetrating those excesses by consenting to a loan of unprecedented magnitude. Inconceivable as it seems, it is none the less true that in ten years the selfish arts of our financial patriots contrived to get together more than nine thousand millions of French savings and to put them into the coffers of a Government whose expenditure is as lacking in supervision as those who direct it are in probity.

And what use has Russia made of these vast sums of money? Thrifty traders, modest annuitants, all you eager investors in the Russian Loan, to what objects has your money been devoted? Has it gone to furnish machinery and plant for a young, vigorous and laborious race? Has it been employed to gather in from soil as yet untouched the abundant riches it contains? Has it gone to create fresh wealth, to encourage work, to improve the standard and conditions of life? No such thing! Your money has been used to further a policy of greed and stupidity, your money has gone to pay for battles in which the Japanese, who are not your enemies, and the Russians, who are your friends, have fallen in their tens of thousands. It was your money that paid for the guns that were lost at Mukden, and for the cruisers and battleships that now lie whelmed, with all their crews, beneath

the waters of the Korean Gulf. Your money paid for the massacres at Saint Petersburg, in which workmen and women and children were foully done to death. And now, at this present moment, it is paying for the organised murder of the Armenians at Baku, the shooting down of students at Tomsk, in Siberia, and for the wholesale massacres that have been officially organised by the Czar's Government at Sarakoff, Kursh and Kasan.

Behold, then, ye bourgeois of France, prosperous and easy-going creditors of the Czar, and see what your money is doing and what fruit it bears. No doubt you would have liked to see it put to a different use. When you handed it over, you did not know. But you know now. Your eyes have been opened. Do not do it again.

At this very moment, the Russian Government is negotiating with our leading banks for another five hundred million loan. But the negotiations are being carried on in an atmosphere of impenetrable secrecy. Whereas with previous loans we had men-of-war with all their bunting flying, imperial and presidential toasts, bands crashing out the Russian Anthem and the *Marseillaise*, flags and all the brilliant panoply of war, this latest financial transaction is being put through hugger-mugger in green-carpeted board-rooms, by men with anxious, drawn faces. Will the silence and the darkness bring it to birth? As a general rule financiers don't see far ahead. Their foresight is always bounded by their interests. And ours, not satisfied with having transferred in ten years the major part of France's wealth to Russia, are no doubt ready, if the rate of interest is attractive enough, to accommodate the Czar in his hour of need with another

loan, which a corrupt Press will enable them to unload on to the public. This they call combining French patriotism with European. But this time they may very well bring the country to the very edge of the precipice.

Germany having refused to touch it, are they going to float this new loan in France? Is that what they're thinking about? Why, putting money into this loan would be tantamount to putting money into the cruellest and most senseless of wars. It would be subscribing to the oppression of a whole people, setting a seal on a policy of lunacy and crime. No, this loan must not be floated in France, we must not sully our hands with a loan to be used for war and repression, a loan of madness and disaster, of wanton shootings and massacres, a loan of murder and rapine. To touch it were a crime. Ponder it well.

Russia is a vast country and possesses incalculable wealth. She will always be there to pay for the capital she's had. But the Czar and his régime. Their days are numbered, and to-morrow may see the end of them.

The popular Government which will follow will not repudiate the Russian debt, nor disclaim the liabilities entered into prior to the day of crime. But it will not recognise the loans contracted after 22nd January, 1905. This the liberal Government made plain in a proclamation which bore, among numerous other signatures, the name of Maxim Gorki. The next Russian Government will not recognise the loan that financed massacre and civil war. That, Citoyens, is a thing which it is well to know. I have said what had to be said and what all the newspapers would say if they were not muzzled.

In the majority of instances they say nothing at all. But I don't claim to have been the first to utter this warning. Jean Finot gave it forcible expression the other day in the *Review* which he edits, "Everything tells against the possibility of a new Russian loan; our material no less than our moral interests. First, we must avoid our own material ruin; then we must see to it that no stain shall blemish the moral dignity of France."

Without adding anything to these vigorous words, we will just say to the small investor, "Don't get into a panic, but take care. The rouble has blood on it, and it's going down."

Deadly to Russia, the Czarist régime is a danger to all civilised peoples, and not the least to the Czar's allies. Citoyens, let us open these proceedings by proclaiming that we are all of us enemies of the Czar and friends of the Russian people.

A SPEECH

PROPOSING THE TOAST OF ARISTIDE BRIAND
AT A BANQUET IN HIS HONOUR AFTER THE PASSING
OF THE LOI DE SEPARATION,
ON THE 6TH JULY, 1905.



CITOYENS, you have just listened, at this banquet, to the champions, the protagonists in the fight for Disestablishment that has been brought to a victorious conclusion. Why do you call upon me to speak, now that you have heard them? I played no part in the drama. I was not even a pedagogue, or a messenger.

I am the people, the crowd, the chorus. But don't be alarmed. I am only going to give you a single strophe. It will be Bacchic, for I shall deliver it wine-cup in hand.

I drink to Francis de Pressensé, who, by drafting his Bill in wise and moderate terms, provided the Chamber with matter for profound consideration.

I drink to the Commission who worked on the details of the measure.

I drink to Citizen Minister Bienvenu-Martin, who supported it with rare ability and sincere conviction.

I drink to the Minister in official charge of the

Bill, who, with all the resources of a fertile mind, with the most persuasive eloquence and the most ardent zeal, triumphantly bore the burden and heat of a long and difficult debate: to Aristide Briand.

A LETTER

READ AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT
TO PIERRE LAFFITTE AT BEGUEY,
ON THE 30TH JULY, 1905.



MONSIEUR LE MAIRE, I very greatly regret that I am unable to be at Beguey for your celebrations and to share with you, as you so kindly asked me to do, in doing honour to the most dear, revered and gracious memory of our friend Pierre Laffitte. I often had the good fortune to roam with him amid your vine-clad slopes and to listen to that friendly, familiar discourse that was so rich in ripe philosophy and kindly humour. A man must be born on the shores of the Garonne to possess such wisdom combined with such vivacity, to lend such a glow of colour to the processes of reasoning and such imaginative fancy to the conclusions of common sense. It is a wonderful thing how the Gascon temperament will lend animation to the loftiest and the gravest theme, and make it human.

You will hear, in the course of your interesting ceremony, the speech of M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, who, in the name of the Republic, will place a wreath on the bust of the philosopher; you will hear M. Cazeaux-Cazalet, the deputy for Cadillac; M. Ahmed-Riza, representing young Turkey;

M. Frederic Harrison, the doyen of the English Positivists; M. Fernand Lataste, the secretary of your committee.

M. Eugène Corra will tell you, with his acknowledged authority and all the charm of his brilliant gifts, how Pierre Laffitte, who succeeded to the intellectual heritage of Auguste Comte, was able to maintain and increase it, and how the disciple handed on the teaching of the Master. For my part, I have no right to speak in the name of the Positivists. I am not a disciple of the profoundest and most original philosopher of the nineteenth century; for so it is becoming to speak of Auguste Comte, even though one does not belong to his school. I am not a Positivist. Pierre Laffitte knew it. But he did not on that account cast me into outer darkness. He reserved a place for me in his universal Church, or, if the word sounds better, beneath the blue skies of the Gironde, in his Republic. He put me among those who do not willingly believe things that are incredible. He called them emancipated spirits and made them take their places, in the groves of Auguste Comte, by the side of Positivist philosophers and ladies of eminence, a situation in my idea, as in his, singularly enviable and pleasant.

An emancipated spirit, as Pierre Laffitte defined him, was a man set free from theocratic prejudices, exempt from the vain terrors which dark theologies inspire in simple minds; a man who obeyed the dictates of reason. And he was something more besides. He was a man of a really sociable spirit, a friend of order and liberty, not the sort of order with which a hide-bound conservatism would stifle the just claims of the proletariat, not the kind of liberty which the clerical party is for ever invoking

against liberty, but the kind of order which ensures that every man shall enjoy the fruit of his own labour, the kind of liberty which defends itself against all dangers, and refuses to give in when its enemies call on it to surrender.

Spirits such as that, you know in what party they are to be found to-day and what they have done. They are to be found in the ranks where reason reigns, and Secular Education and Church Disestablishment is their achievement. Secular Education and Disestablishment, let them be laid like two palms of victory on the monument of the philosopher.

Pierre Laffitte has written that Saint Paul found that the state of life which he had chosen for himself, the state of the disciple, offered one considerable advantage, the advantage of being dispensed from the extravagances to which the founder of a religion is too often impelled. Of course in making this observation he was not thinking of himself or of his revered master; but he gave evidence of his aversion to noise, of his love of the useful and hidden life, of his vocation to fulfil the labours of an obscure and zealous apostolate.

His whole life was marked by a cheerful and tranquil simplicity. I followed his career for many years. The first time that I ever saw any suggestion of pomp connected with him was when I beheld the flags of twenty different nations waving above his coffin.

These symbols of the philosophic confederation of the nations are of familiar usage among the Positivists. At the obsequies of Pierre Laffitte they called to our minds that this quiet and gentle-hearted thinker was one of the world's conquerors,

one of the founders of the brotherhood of man. Let it be proclaimed aloud before his monument that in the year 1905 the workers of two great peoples exchanged assurances of peace.

NOTE.—The last sentence of this letter is an allusion to the declarations made by Bebel and Jaurès in reply to an inquiry opened in June 1905 on international socialism by *la Vie Socialiste* à propos of affairs in Morocco.

A LETTER

READ AT THE OPENING MEETING
OF THE INTERNATIONAL FREE-THOUGHT CONGRESS,
ON THE 4TH SEPTEMBER, 1905.



Y dear President, I greatly regret my inability to take my place in the Congress to whose deliberations you yourself bring the authority of conspicuous endowments of mind and character.

I adhere whole-heartedly to the principles which unite the Free-thinkers of France.

Revealed religions all have one drawback. The revelations on which they are founded represent a stage in the progress of science and civilisation which has long since been superseded. Doubtless the ideas of the gods are no more unchangeable than those of the human beings who interpret them. They fade away in time. But they are always in the rear of human intelligence. Take the God of the Christians. He cannot be taxed with not changing. He was a Jew, and now he is an anti-Semite. But we must do him justice. He is not so fierce as he used to be. Nevertheless he is the sworn enemy of Science and Reason. He does not like people to think. The Churches founded in his Son's name, especially the Catholic Church, offer, as we can see for ourselves to-day, a desperate resistance to the

moral and intellectual development of the societies they claim to direct.

You, Gentlemen, exhibit that spirit of doubt and inquiry which are essential to scientific progress and without which neither pity nor tolerance nor broad human sympathy could have a place in the world.

I associate myself with your generous endeavours and remain,

My dear President, etc.,

ANATOLE FRANCE.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING HELD ON THE 16TH
DECEMBER, 1905, TO PROTEST AGAINST THE RUSSIAN
MASSACRES.



ITOYENNES, Citoyens, the Committee of Protest, which is undertaking the task of denouncing the crimes of the Czarist Government and of spreading abroad the truth about the Revolution, with the assistance of the independent Press, and especially through the medium of that honest and conscientious weekly journal *L'Européen*, has, in association with the *Société des Amis du Peuple Russe et des Peuple Annexes*, organised this meeting at which we are to hear speakers belonging, almost all of them, to the teaching profession, men who, on other occasions, have already raised their voices in the cause of Justice and of Truth.

Citizens, we have met together here with one thought, one mind, with a common anxiety and a common hope.

By reason of the distance that sunders us from men and events in Russia, we cannot be sufficiently well acquainted with the forces confronting one another, with the situation and the actors in the drama, to constitute ourselves judges of the position; and it would be unwise on our part to proffer advice

to those who, on that distant scene, are grappling with countless difficulties, encompassed by the greatest perils, amid those darkling shadows in which the forms of victory and death are dimly discernible.

Without, then, presuming to support this section or that, or intervening in the counsels of the several parties thus various and sometimes divergent in origin, ideas and customs, that are working in their several ways at the common task, it is nevertheless possible for us to see what action the Socialist groups have been taking. Their intervention, indeed, was sudden and decisive.

One fact blazes forth with dazzling brightness. The Russian workers have employed the weapon of the workers. And so skilfully and vigorously have they wielded it that the most powerful engine of oppression and terror in the world has received a blow from which it will never recover.

The Russian proletariat has shown what can be done with the weapon of the defenceless. They have proclaimed before all the world the Strike of Liberation, and the strike, when the hour of trial came, proved mightier than rifles and artillery.

Admiration fills our hearts, admiration mingled with the agony of suspense, as we contemplate this passive revolt of the workers, the invincible weapon which the Russian proletariat has opposed to a discredited régime; a vast multitude of men exposing themselves with one accord to the blackest misery, to the tortures of cold and hunger.

Was there ever seen in the world a grander sight than this?

The general strike, the strike of the workers united with the intellectuals, overthrew Czarism

in a few days. That monstrous edifice of power and pride and wealth was laid low by workers who were suffering the pangs of hunger and would have gone on suffering till the end. The strike was victorious and the Czar yielded. He promised a Constitution and made various concessions. . . .

You know the rest, Citoyens; you know how the military bureaucracy organised massacres throughout the country, so that the Emperor might have an excuse for breaking his word. There were massacres of workmen, massacres of students, massacres of intellectuals, massacres of Jews. In thirty towns at once, bands of armed men carrying eikons of the Czar and the standards of the Empire, and led by Commissioners of Police and members of the Civil Guard, marched upon the Jewish quarters, killing, outraging, pillaging and burning, for days and nights together. Such were the scenes enacted at Baku, Odessa, Kieff, Nikolaieff, Elisabethgrad, Rostov-on-the-Don, Saratov, Tomsk, Tver, Ekaterinoslav and Tiflis. Then it was given out that all was calm. The wretched Jews who had escaped death were weeping in silence, seated amid the ruins of their burned dwellings, beside the corpses of their slaughtered kinsfolk.

The tears of the sufferers and the blood of the slain cry aloud to us and we hear their cry. Our religion is the religion of humanity. We know neither Jews nor Christians. We only know the murderers and their victims.

Ye slaughtered ones of Kieff, of Baku, of Saratov and Odessa, ye ghosts of the dead, rise up and show yourselves unto the rich and prosperous of this world, and let them see your mutilated bodies.

Come back, I say, and let yourselves be seen until the whole world shall rise up in horror.

How long shall the furious death-throes of the Czarist tyranny endure? What further paroxysms of despair are we yet to behold in the monstrous thing? And what manner of rule will take its place? May the gods grant that the Russian revolutionaries and liberals be rewarded for all they have endured! May they grant that the blood so freely poured out by craftsmen and scholars, the blood that reeks on the pavement of the streets, like a sacrifice imploring justice and freedom, shall not have been shed in vain! But whatsoever be the outcome of an enterprise so vast and awe-inspiring, the workers of Russia have already exerted a decisive influence in moulding the destinies of their country and of the world. The Russian Revolution is a World Revolution.

It has taught the workers, the whole world over, for what objects they should strive and what weapons they possess. It has shown them their strength, and lifted the veil of their destiny. The despot trembles at its menace and the oppressor grows pale with fear; and an end shall be made of the exploitation of man by man. Monarchs quake upon their thrones. In old Austria there are murmurs of revolt. In Germany the powerfully organised Democratic party, hitherto so suave and debonair, is looking towards Saint Petersburg and Moscow and is beginning to grow wrathful. Bebel has passed the word to the Chancellor and to the deputies of the Empire, and the aged socialist has given to the Kaiser's counsellor this dark and bodeful warning:—
“Mark well my words. The revolutionary

upheaval which is taking place in Russia rings clear in the conscience of the German workman."

And we Frenchmen. Are our political and social conditions such that we can afford to disregard the great changes which are coming over the world? Have not we, too, our gangs of men in black? Have we left the days of Méline and Dupuy so very far behind, the days when the Nationalist Terror hung like a nightmare over Paris, and when a Dominican monk publicly exhorted the supreme leader of the French army to put the republicans to the sword? Are not we, too, threatened with a coalition of nationalists, clericals and demagogues?

Even as I speak these words, Citoyens, the champions of reaction and oppression proclaim the advent of a little Czardom and a little Czar, a Czardom and a Czar adapted to the mediocrity of our middle classes. They are abroad buying votes for their candidates for the Presidency, and they hope to bring back to the Élysée both corrupter and corrupt, the politician and the money-changers, the great Doumer, with his band of Croniers and Jazulots resuscitated and put on their legs again. They promise us a Republic of sound, straightforward men, a Republic of patriots who will get busy in the departments of munitions and supplies, a Republic of lovers of order, of good citizens who will go to church and deliver us from the perils of socialism. Well, let them go to the Élysée with their President of treason and corruption; let him be borne in triumph, shoulder high, by his body-guard of stock-jobbers amid the acclamations of the Yellow Press. It won't be for long. One good shove and the proletariat will soon have the President and his gang in the mud.

Citoyens, don't let us worry overmuch, and don't let us lose our sense of proportion. Our country's affairs are light comedy compared with the solemn drama that is being enacted in Russia. It is not here, but on the banks of the Neva, the Vistula and the Volga that the destinies of the New Europe and the future of humanity are being fought out.

A remarkable exchange of notions and ideas. Our forefathers in 'eighty-nine set Europe the example of middle-class revolt, and we, their descendants, are learning about socialist revolution from Russia.

Citoyens, now when these men, whom it becomes us neither to excite nor to restrain, are generously labouring and suffering to set free the oppressed in Russia and the rest of the world, it behoves the workers of France to assure their Russian comrades that they are with them heart and soul. This is their duty. Let them fulfil it in no half measure. If some day our rulers, if our governing classes, were to attempt to carry out a policy, of whatever nature, military, diplomatic or financial, such as would operate in favour of Czarism and against the Revolution, it will be the duty of the French working classes to oppose it with all the resources at their command. Let us enter into a covenant here and now to do everything in our power to support and help on the Revolution which, remote as the scene of it may be, sounds like distant thunder in our ears, for even now the peoples have drawn closer one to another and distance sunders them no more. Let us send Russia a greeting of respectful and brotherly affection—to Russia, who is battling for her freedom, to Finland, so firmly resolved to recover the rights that were wrested from her by a

perjured Emperor, to Poland, who, wonderfully mingling high courage and wise counsel, has found solid support for her legitimate aspirations, and let us raise again the new and stirring watchword:—

“Workers of the nations, one and all, labour together to prepare the way for the advent of social justice and for the peace of the world!”

A LETTER

READ AT THE TRIAL OF THE ANTI-MILITARISTS,
ON THE 27TH DECEMBER, 1905.



MONSIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT,
being unable to be present at the
Assizes, I beg that you will hold me
excused.

Had I been called upon to make a
statement, I should merely have said
this :

Is it in these days still a crime to have an opinion
of your own ?

Is it quite wise to display all this severity about
a mere poster ? Men cannot be prevented from
having their own thoughts. What advantage is
there in preventing them from saying what they
think ? Leave them the weapon of free-speech,
unless you want them to arm themselves with
weapons of another sort.

Gentlemen of the Jury, take good heed ! There
is something about this prosecution that makes one
rather suspicious of the motives that prompted it.
Patriotism is a convenient thing, for it enables a
Government to dispense with reform.

Do not, as I am sure you will not, play into the

hands of the professional patriots, their country's worst foes.

I am, Monsieur le Président,

Your most obedient servant,

ANATOLE FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday, 27 December, 1905.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A SOIRÉE HELD ON THE
13TH JANUARY, 1906, TO COMMEMORATE THE
EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF ZOLA'S LETTER
"J'ACCUSE"



ES, Citizens, we will speak of it. We will speak of the Dreyfus case. And we shall recall with a just pride that we were numbered with those who went by the name of Dreyfusards.

Let us cast our minds back to the year 1897, a year at once so troublous and so eventful.

A considerable time had elapsed since Bernard Lazare began to produce evidence tending to establish the innocence of the convict of 1894. A man of unimpeachable probity, Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, had just declared that he was terribly in doubt as to whether a hideous mistake had not been made. Mathieu Dreyfus brought forward conclusive proof that the memorandum ascribed to his brother was really the handiwork of Esterhazy. By this time all sorts of people knew in their hearts that a miscarriage of justice had taken place.

It was at this juncture that a great religious and political party resolved to turn the crime to account and to make it a corner-stone of government. The

whole army of monks—Jesuits, Dominicans, Assumptionists—and with them the secret agents of the Church, the anti-Semites, resolved to take "Down with the Jews" as their slogan of victory.

In town and suburb and country they spread all kinds of sinister rumours, whispered alarming news, talked darkly of plots and betrayals, sowed anxiety, fear and indignation among the general public, filling them with anger and apprehension.

The credulity of the masses knows no bounds. The upper and the lower middle classes, as well as the small wage-earners, flung themselves pell-mell into the snare laid for them by the clerical reactionaries.

All our traditions of justice, of moral and intellectual independence, all our sentiments of philosophy and humanity were within an ace of perishing at the hands of the General Staff and their superiors at Rome.

Selfishness and Fear ruled the roost. They had seats in the Cabinet, and their names were Méline and Billot. A few honest citizens denounced the crime and pointed out the peril, but no one heeded them. The criminals had such a vast amount of political and underhand influence behind them that it seemed hopeless to try to bring them to book, and no less hopeless to get a glimmer of light into the public conscience, misled as it had been by innumerable lies and unbalanced by a variety of dastardly outrages.

And then, when the Terror was at its height, Émile Zola gave an example of what an upright and a dauntless spirit can achieve. With a long list of works to his credit, enjoying the tranquillity and fame that had come to him with the establishment

of his reputation, he sacrificed his popularity and his repose, he put aside his work, facing danger and fatigue for the sake of Justice and Truth, so that the country might boast of one honest man and be persuaded to walk with him in the paths of manliness and truth. On the 13th January, 1898, he sent a letter to the *Aurore*, a paper controlled by Vaughan and edited by Clemenceau. The letter was an open one, and it was addressed to the President of the Republic. It was headed "J'accuse," and began with these words, "A military court-martial, acting on superior orders, has just had the effrontery to acquit Esterhazy, thus dealing a final blow to Truth and Justice in this country."

This letter brought specific and deliberate charges against the ringleaders and accomplices in the judicial crime of 1894, charges which were afterwards fully substantiated. But Zola was a long way from being aware of the full extent of the crime, or of the names of all who took part in it.

With no other armour than his honesty as a man and a citizen, he confronted a prejudiced public and a panic-stricken Government. Ministers, deputies and senators felt, or at least displayed, the deepest indignation. Zola was prosecuted, prosecuted not for his letter, but for certain passages extracted therefrom, in such a manner as to procure a verdict by contriving that the evidence for the defence should be ruled out as inadmissible.

Citoyens, we know how this infamous mockery of a trial was carried through; and how nothing was omitted that was calculated to besmirch the name of Justice. We saw how a man like Deleorgue, the President of the Assizes, made even his masters blush at the meanness of his conduct, at

the monotonous obsequiousness with which he uniformly brushed aside all evidence for the defence on the ground that "the question was not in order." Collusion, perjury, forged documents, intimidation, violence, all played their part in this infamous affair and, to their shame, you might have heard Officers of the General Staff threatening to abandon their post and deliver up the country to the German invader, unless the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against the denouncer of the crimes in which they themselves were implicated. It was by such means, amid the glint and rattle of swords, amid threats of violence, that the servile magistrates dragged from a deluded jury a sentence of a year's imprisonment and a fine of one thousand francs.

Let us hasten to add, Citoyens, that there were several others who were thus inflicted with honourable penalties. I will name a few without distinction of social status or political opinions.

The Dean of the Faculty of Arts at Bordeaux, Paul Stapfer, had the honour to be suspended from his duties for having made reference to Justice at someone's funeral. Joseph Reinach had the honour of being deprived of his rank as a territorial officer for having attempted, in a free country, to enlighten public opinion. Francis de Pressensé had the honour of having his name struck off the roll of the Legion of Honour because, at the peril of his life, with indomitable courage, he called on the forgers and perjurers to answer for their crimes. Colonel Picquart had the honour to be retired on half-pay for having spoken the truth before magistrate and jury. These distinctions are doubtless worth all the medals, ribands and crosses which year by year go to decorate the breast of cautious bravery and

calculated virtue. And, to be sure, they were well deserved.

They deserved their honours, the men that agitated for a fresh trial. For, consciously or unconsciously, they laid the foundation-stone of a New Justice and a New Morality. They did not merely aim at rectifying a miscarriage of justice; they were accomplishing, perhaps unwittingly, but none the less irresistibly, a vaster, a loftier and as it were an illimitable task. They were employing themselves upon a work of universal justice and beneficence. They were journeying along the endless path, towards the broad horizons of justice, human solidarity, courage and gentleness and beneficent wisdom, things whereof they had caught a sudden glimpse, beneath our lowering sky, amid the rifts in the storm clouds.

My friend and confrère Louis Havet, if I understand aright the title of his discourse, is about to explain to you in straightforward language how Dreyfusism was for some an instrument of moral perfection.

Yes, it cannot be gainsaid, that from this Dreyfus affair, with its tale of infamy and crime, there was destined to arise for France, perhaps we should rather say for the world, a nobler ideal and the presage of a new order. And already we have observed some marked effects of this moral regeneration of our people. It cannot be denied that the Dreyfus affair killed Theocracy in France, discomfited the army of monks, secured the defeat of the clerical party and paved the way for the triumph of secularisation and socialism. However, we must not be too optimistic. In our onward march towards our goal of social justice, in our efforts for the eman-

cipation of mind and body, what doubts and delays we must encounter, what rebuffs and disappointments we must endure! How little have we won of the territory it remains for us to conquer! We have not as yet even secured the reform which was the most urgent in our eyes, namely, the abolition of trial by court-martial. And even now, at this hour, can we be sure that our conquests in the realm of Justice and Reason, conquests not yet fully consolidated, are not going to be the object of further attacks? Have the partisans of violence and injustice yet laid down their arms? Is the tribe of the Mélines, the Dupuys and the Billots yet extinct?

Citoyens, it was well perhaps to remind ourselves of Zola's noble deed, of that famous indictment, of his "J'accuse," at the time when the old accomplices of the gang of forgers, all the horde of clerical and nationalist reactionaries that endeavoured to use the Dreyfus affair as a weapon wherewith to withstand the modern spirit, now flatter themselves that they can count on fresh resources, renewed discipline, and a new leader in this Doumer of theirs whom they hope to instal at the Élysée.

They hold out the prospect of a Presidency under which the reactionaries and the demagogues will have full sway; seven years of the sort of rule that should warm the hearts of the Jesuits and the magnates of international finance, seven years of business and religion. But they are not going to give it to us. They won't succeed in getting together a majority of conspirators and treason-mongers. But they have made the attempt, and their audacity puts us on our guard.

Don't let us forget that we have been threatened

with a policy of financial and colonial adventure. Don't let us forget that if the nationalists and the clericals managed to get their pet candidate elected President, we should be dragged into all manner of distant military expeditions, perhaps into a war in Africa, which, in order to swell the profits of some big banking establishment, would employ forces that ought to be reserved for the defence of our moral and intellectual heritage, for the protection of this land of ours, the land of philosophy and revolution, which bears within her the seeds—even now I see them quickening—the precious seeds of social justice and of world-wide peace.

The resolution having been put and carried, M. Anatole France added the following words :

Citoyennes and Citoyens,

We must not depart without proclaiming our sense of obligation to the organiser of the artistic side of these celebrations, to the friend, the companion, and fellow-worker of Émile Zola, the illustrious Alfred Bruneau. He did not forsake his friend in his hour of need. Let their names be linked together in our country's roll of fame. And finally let us offer our respectful homage to Madame Émile Zola, who proved herself so loyal and noble-hearted when the crisis came.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A PEACE MEETING
HELD ON THE 20TH JANUARY, 1906, IN CONNECTION
WITH THE ALGERIRAS CONFERENCE



CITIZYENS and Citoyennes, this meeting has been convened for the purpose of inquiring into the manner in which the foreign affairs are carried on and of considering how the system of secret diplomacy affects a democracy. Before calling upon Citizens Jaurès and Séailles to address you on a matter of paramount importance to the safety of the country, I will venture to offer a few observations of a very simple and, so to speak, introductory character. In making these brief, but necessary, remarks, I shall account myself happy if I succeed in giving expression to what is in your mind as well as in my own. I am led to hope that I may succeed in so doing, for the reason that it is impossible for democrats and socialists to hold divergent views on the subject of Peace and War.

We desire that our peaceful relations should be undisturbed. We desire it with all our hearts. Responsible men and responsible journals have animadverted with severity upon our attitude. They have heaped raillery and scorn upon us. At bottom, even our harshest critics are no more opposed to

peace than we are. They are no more eager for a foreign war than we are. But they want the menace of it. They want the peril to be averted, but they want it to exist just the same. They do not want the machine to go off, but they want it to be loaded. Hence these everlasting rumours of war which are purposely disseminated by the leaders of reaction and the editors of the nationalist and moderate Press.

The people that spread these sinister reports only half believe in them themselves. More often than not they don't believe in them at all. But they discover many advantages in making the public believe in them. You know well enough, Citizens, what these advantages are. They are political and financial in character. A country living under the shadow of war and invasion is easy to govern. It does not clamour for social reforms. If any labour men should be pig-headed enough to urge the Government to expedite the passage of some measure concerning the extension of Trade Unions, or the eight hours day, the wiseacres that rule us would very quickly answer: "Workers, this is no time to think about bettering your conditions. What we've got to do now is to turn out as many guns as we can." And what can one say to that?

When war and invasion are threatened people don't haggle about arms and munitions. And all that is an excellent thing for the financiers and army contractors, who know how to make patriotism pay. Threats of war, why, they are meat and drink to the reactionaries! One rumour of war can do more harm to socialism in six weeks than the parliamentary mug-wumps could do in twenty years with all their votes and all their speeches.

That's why we are on our guard when someone comes up to us and says :

"Look out. We are going to have a war on our hands ! "

"A war with whom ? "

"Germany. Don't you hear the Kaiser hissing out threats through his fierce moustachios ? "

"Yes, yes. We hear him right enough. The Kaiser is a great prince, who does just what the princes of our Republic do, and they are great princes too. He means to nourish his people in the wholesome fear of war."

The people of Germany don't want war, and they lie who say they do.

The French people don't want war. That's another certainty.

Are we children, to be told to be good, or the big boggy of Algeciras will come and have us ?

Citoyens, the big boggy of Algeciras won't eat anyone. But our rulers must not overdo it and cry "Uhlans" too often, to keep us quiet. Or else we shan't believe them when it's really true.

Our statesmen must not imagine that the diplomatic business of a democracy is to be managed in the same way as the diplomatic business of an absolute monarchy.

We live in a country of public opinion. We are told that we are masters of our destinies, and that, by means of the ballot, we govern the policy of the country. We are told that, being a Republic, we need not be afraid of being involved in warlike adventures without our knowing it. The laws of the constitution, we are told, safeguard us against any surprise of that kind. In point of fact, Clause 8. of the 1875 constitution law lays down as follows :

"The President of the Republic negotiates and ratifies treaties. He acquaints the Chamber with their provisions as and when the interests and safety of the State permit him so to do.

"Treaties of peace, treaties of commerce, treaties affecting the finances of the country, etc., do not take effect until they have been passed by both Chambers."

So much for the wording of the law. Now let us see how it works out. The interests and safety of the State have not yet allowed the President of the Republic to make the Chambers acquainted with the provisions of the Franco-Russian Treaty, which, as a result of the loans which followed its signature, has already involved the country in a loss of several millions, with a good prospect of further losses to come, not to mention the shame of having put the money at the service of a criminal autocracy. And this treaty, which was concluded twelve years ago, and about which we are still in the dark, might have involved us in war with England and Japan if it be true that armed intervention is one of its contingent stipulations.

Clause 9 of the aforesaid constitutional law is there to reassure us. It says:

"The President of the Republic cannot declare war without the previous assent of both Chambers."

A feeble safeguard inasmuch as it is the custom of civilised peoples to begin hostilities first and declare war afterwards. In matter of fact, the French people exercise about as much control in questions of war and peace to-day as they did in the days of Napoleon and Louis the Fourteenth.

We are assured that we are masters of our own fate, we are told over and over again that things

won't be as they were under the Empire, and that the country won't go to war without our being told all about it. Well, one day—would you believe it?—(it was Tuesday the 6th June to be exact) we woke up in the morning to find that our Foreign Minister had been sitting calmly in his office arranging for the most terrific clash of nations, the most prodigious battles of the century, under the presidency of M. Loubet, who is not exactly a Napoleon. And our knowledge of this imminent peril was not derived from the idle rumours of the credulous multitude. It was the Prime Minister, M. Rouvier, who disclosed the matter to the senators and deputies. He informed them about it as if he were telling them the most natural thing in the world.

"If Delcassé," he said, "had remained in office twenty-four hours longer, we should have had war. But, be easy in your minds, I have put my foot on the fuse."

That's what we learned one fine spring morning. We are masters of our destinies, Citizens. Good heavens! what would it be like if we weren't?

One evening, not so very long ago, I overheard an interesting conversation. An aged Senator, rather a bellicose old gentleman, was explaining to a group of young lawyers and doctors that our diplomats were at that moment engaged in negotiations in which the honour of France was at stake.

"I know it for a fact," he added vehemently.

And when he was asked how he knew it, he replied:

"Through the indiscretion of an attaché."

Of questions of honour like that you don't get a chance of judging, unless you have friends at Court.

Diplomacy in our country has not changed since the days of Louis the Fifteenth. If M. de Choiseul were to come back now and resume his duties as Foreign Minister, he would find the department just the same as when he left it in 1764. Nevertheless, some things have altered in France since then. The Army, for example, is no longer made up of Swiss or German mercenaries and poor devils tricked into the service on the Pont-Neuf by Sergeants La Fleur and Brindamour. And that should be taken into consideration. The diplomats may decide on war, but it is the soldiers who make it. Wherefrom it is to be concluded that a different sort of army requires a different sort of diplomacy. A citizen army needs an open diplomacy, a republican army a public diplomacy.

"Oh," I hear the professional diplomatists exclaim, "what madness! Don't you imagine it! Our secret is the secret of other nations as well as our own. We could not divulge it. Public diplomacy is out of the question. It is not possible."

"Gentlemen, it may not be possible. But it is necessary. And you would never believe how easily the impossible is accomplished, when necessity compels."

"But that will mean a revolution!"

"Yes, a revolution. We know that quite well. It must be."

Blind is he who does not see the danger. A great part of the proletariat fears, and not without a show of reason, that some day or other the country will find itself dragged into distant campaigns, into making war in the interests of the capitalists. And how can it help such fears? On the ruins of the past, on the mouldering heap of outworn aris-

toocracies and sacerdotal tyrannies, Capital sits ponderously enthroned. Empires and Republics come alike beneath its sway.

The workers, whatever men may say of them, or make them say, have the defence of the country at heart. But they do not want to fight for the Tubinis and the Lorandos.

Open diplomacy, diplomacy carried on in the broad light of day, is the only thing capable of rallying all the defensive forces of the country when the hour of danger comes.

And that is why we want to have it. We yield to no one in our desire to preserve intact the moral and intellectual heritage of France. We are determined to defend the land which is the classic home of Philosophy and the Revolution, the soil in which the seeds of social justice take root and come to life. We desire that all citizens without exception, that the proletariat to a man, should lend their aid in this task and serve, with all their devotion and all their strength, the true interests of the country. And for that it is necessary that these interests should not remain the secret of the Quai d'Orsay.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING HELD
ON THE 30TH JANUARY, 1906, TO PROTEST AGAINST
CRUELTY TO NATIVES IN THE COLONIES



ITOYENNES, Citoyens, twenty-five years ago, Savorgnan de Brazza, who was in charge of a French mission in West Africa, having, by his courage, his gentleness and his good faith, won the confidence and respect of the native population, persuaded King Makoko to place himself and his people under the protection of France. As a sign of peace the negro king caused a deep pit to be dug in the ground, and when all his warrior chiefs had cast their arms therein, he spoke these words :

"We bury war so deep, that neither we nor our children will see it come forth from its grave."

A tree was planted in the soil which covered the spears and arrows and Brazza in his turn said :

"May peace endure so long as this tree shall bring forth neither iron nor gunpowder !"

You are about to hear the words of M. Félicien Challaye, who was one of the members of the

NOTE.—This meeting was organised by the "Ligue pour la defense des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen." It was held in the Salle de l'Élysée, Montmartre. M. Anatole France was in the chair, and he was supported by MM. Félicien Challaye, Pierre Mille and Gustave Rouanet.

Brazza mission. It is he, and not I, who can most fittingly tell you about the natives and their lot.

All these native tribes of the Congo, though differing in race and customs, are permeated with the religious spirit. They are fetich-worshippers and have a blind faith in the secret and sometimes cruel rites of magic and sorcery. They are by no means strangers to the arts. They have tamed to their uses the sheep, the goat and the pig. Slavery and polygamy are the basis of their society. Thirty years ago they bore a strong resemblance to the Greeks of the *Iliad*. Their chieftains, to judge by what Paul du Chaillu tells us, spoke with as much volubility and subtlety as Homer's kings.

No doubt these natives indulged too freely in alcohol and there were greedy and cunning specimens among them; but there were also many who were generous and humane. Doctor Barot-Forliere, who lived in their midst, found them for the most part gentle and well disposed, willing and indeed anxious to work alongside the white man, when the latter took the trouble to instruct them.

"They are not brutes," says Doctor Barot-Forliere; "they are a few centuries behind our stage of civilisation. They are our younger brothers. It is incumbent upon us to give them a rational education."

Well, then, these simple tribes, whom Brazza had won over by his just dealing and his loyalty to his plighted word, these blacks who are under the protection of France, are now betrayed and delivered over without any means of defence to the cruel rapacity of the trader and to the vile practices of European perverts, themselves victims of drink, malaria and sunstroke. Behold them living under

conditions in which murder, rapine and outrage are the order of the day. That is the education we are giving them, that is the moral system with which we are illuminating the dim recesses of their minds.

Poor rudimentary, half-awakened beings, fashioned by the monsters of cruelty that torture but cannot exterminate them, what sort of monsters will they themselves one day become?

For the honour of France and of humanity, their martyrdom must be brought to an end.

Oh, yes. We know perfectly well that the natives of the Congo Free State, the slaves of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, are tortured with no less cruelty. We know that in Africa, in Asia and wherever there are colonies, to whatsoever country they belong, the same laments, the same cries of anguish rise up to the heavens that cannot hear them. We know, alas too well! the old and terrible story. It is now four hundred years that the Christian nations have been vying with one another in the extermination of the native races, red, yellow and black. It is what is known as modern civilisation.

The whites have no dealings with the black or yellow natives except to enslave or to slaughter them. The races to which we apply the name barbarian know us as yet only by our crimes. Not, indeed, that we think more enormities are perpetrated on Africa's unhappy soil under our flag than under the standards of other countries ruled by kings or emperors. But it is especially incumbent upon us as Frenchmen to denounce the crimes committed in our name. Our honour is at stake, and not to mention the fact that the thing concerns

us, that it is our business, we have more grounds than the rest for believing that our words will not be uttered in vain. Was it necessary, Citoyens, to enumerate these reasons? They are the same as those already laid down by my revered confrère Paul Viollet, the nobility of whose character sheds a glory on the religious faith by which he is animated. They are the same as those already given by Francis de Pressensé, who has treated of this matter, as he has treated of so many others, with generosity of heart and lucidity of mind.

"We belong," said he, "to those who hold that the citizens of every country should condemn the crimes for which their own nation is responsible, crimes which if ignobly hushed up would bring upon them the guilt of complicity.

"If, then, our duty lies there," he added, "and if that duty is more imperious for us than for any of the other nations, how shall we forget what other nations have done in fulfilment of the dictates of duty? Can we forget that it is the Belgians themselves who are leading the campaign against the ruler of the Congo, or that eighteenth-century England, with Pitt, Fox, Burke and Sheridan, demanded retribution for the crimes of Warren Hastings, notwithstanding that he had helped so largely to enrich his country with such a King's portion as India? Can we forget that Germany, the Kaiser's Germany, has condemned the deeds of cruelty perpetrated by that great African pioneer, Doctor Peters? and that in Holland the pen of Multatuli has called for vengeance on the perpetrators of colonial atrocities?"

And now we, in our turn, must denounce imperiously and unwearyingly the exactions and the

crimes committed by the administrators of our colonies. We will denounce them with the aid of those colonial administrators—there are such, and many of them—who, despite the treacherous climate, despite the trials of solitude, have fought against melancholy, rage, perversions of the mind, terrors and homicidal hallucinations, have succeeded in keeping on the path of justice and moderation. Imperiously and unwearyingly we shall demand the repression of crime and the reform of the system which encouraged or permitted it.

Imperiously and unwearyingly we shall claim on behalf of the native races of our colonial empire respect for the rights of man. We shall demand justice in the name of humanity, which none may outrage with impunity; in the name of France, our country, whose interests are ill-served by these colonial barbarities.

It was you, Citoyen Rouanet, who laid it down so vehemently that "nothing can be based on cruelty, cupidity and exactions." And, finally, since France possesses such vast territories overseas, and since it is quite clear to us that colonial policy is, at bottom, capitalist policy, we shall say to the owners and the governors: "What madness is this? What can possess you that you should ruin yourselves by ruining those natives whom you can never replace, those natives that are the very instruments of your prosperity? Don't you see that if you exterminate the natives you annihilate trade and render the exploitation of the soil impossible? What folly is it that leads you to sow on the very land in which all your hopes are centred the seeds of desolation and death, of hatred and revolt?"

Such crimes will infallibly bring their own retri-

bution. You cannot go and say with certainty to the negroes of Africa:

"For evermore our explorers will be shooting you down with their rifles and setting fire to your huts; for evermore the haughty Christian soldier will keep his hand in for business by cutting up your womenfolk in pieces; for evermore the jovial mariner, just come ashore from the misty seas, will kick your little ones in the belly, just to take the stiffness out of his legs."

You cannot proclaim infallibly to one-third of humanity that they are doomed to constant infamy. One branch of the yellow races has succeeded in making the white races respect it. Who would dare deny that one day some nation may arise that will cause the blacks to be respected by the white and yellow races?

Who shall assign limits to the progress of any branch of the human race? The black races do not die out like the Redskins when they come in contact with Europeans. At present they are a rung or two below us in the scale of civilisation. They are not capable of any great degree of intellectual culture. But how long is it since we attained what we are pleased to call an ordered mode of existence?

Time was when the white man dwelt in caves or in towns built on piles by the shores of lakes. In those days he was wild and no clothes concealed his nakedness. He and his fellows fashioned clumsy utensils out of clay, which they baked in the heat of the sun. Their warrior chiefs joined together in wild barbaric dances. The only knowledge they possessed was derived from sorcery and witchcraft. Since then they have built the Parthenon, invented

the science of geometry and made the expression of their dreams and ideas submissive to the laws of harmony.

Where is the prophet so bold as to proclaim to the two hundred millions of African negroes that their descendants will never reign, mighty in riches and in power, by the margin of the lakes, and along the shores of the broad rivers?

You may perhaps remember the young Chinaman whom Pierre Quillard told about, the young Chinaman who came to the Congress of Lucerne and said, "We used to be a peaceful race. What have you made of us? You compel us to defend ourselves now. You are making us as savage as you are yourselves."

Germans, Dutchmen, Belgians, English, Italians, French, Europeans, Christians, have we not been put on the alert by a recent and formidable example? Shall we persist in kindling against ourselves in Africa and in Asia fires of wrath and hatred that will never be extinguished, and lay up for a future, remote indeed but none the less inevitable, enemies unnumbered?

May the workers of every country, the universal proletariat, the breath of that spirit of democracy and socialism which even now is stealing over this old Europe of ours, inspire both those who own the land and those who administer the law in our colonies with a humaner and a wiser policy.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING IN FAVOUR OF
A TEACHERS' UNION,
ON THE 22ND FEBRUARY, 1906.



CITOYENNES institutrices, Citoyens instituteurs, invited by the departmental councillors-elect and the Council of the Syndicate of the Seine to the very great honour of taking the chair at this conference, I shall be fulfilling an agreeable duty in calling for speeches from Citoyens René Renoult, Ferdinand Buisson and Jean Jaurès, whose names, which are held in affection by all of you, figure in our programme to-night.

But I must first of all define the objects with which we have gathered together. I shall do so in very few words and as clearly and concisely as possible, availing myself of the manifesto, at once so clear and so justly cogent, issued by the associated group of teachers.

When, to the great astonishment of the capitalists, there came about that great movement for union among the workers, a movement that nothing can arrest, when a spirit of humanity, persuasive as reason and as terrible as love, inspired the workers

NOTE.—This meeting was held in the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes, under the chairmanship of M. Anatole France.

to unite in a defensive organisation against which all the onslaughts of reaction would shatter themselves in vain, we saw the officials and employers of the Government, men that wield the pen and men that wield the shovel, fling themselves with one accord into the movement for their emancipation and show, by drawing closer to their fellow-teachers on the one hand and to the workers on the other, that it was in such friendly social relations that they sought to find the guarantees of their own independence.

Administrative federalism, as contrasted with regional federalism, has led a writer well versed in the theory and practice of the law to deliver himself of a weighty comment which well merits your attention. I quote it as it appears in the *Revue Socialiste* for January 1906:—

"If all attempts to throw off the not very formidable Government yoke have hitherto met with woeful failure, it is because the matter has been clumsily handled.

"Liberals and Republicans, too exclusively occupied with the political aspect of things, failed to see that they were opposing the trend of modern economic development by demanding local concessions in places where no professional organisation existed.

"The closest and most effective sort of association is the association that binds together the members of the same profession, and the outward, concrete expression of that is the syndicate or trade union. The thing that concerns us most is to safeguard our means of subsistence, to protect the work which brings us in our daily bread. That, the syndicate makes it possible for us to do."

Such were the words of Paul Boncour, when he briefly outlined the theory of liberty through syndicalism and federation.

Teachers, it will be to your everlasting credit that you played the predominant part in this concerted endeavour, that you organised the great body of teachers and extended a friendly hand to the rank and file of colleagues in other branches of the Civil Service.

Your proceedings have been both energetic and methodical. Your Friendly Societies were, like liberty, invincible from the beginning. You were not called on to defend them against the encroachments of the authorities. On the contrary, it was the Friendlies to whom the Ministers appealed for help when the fight came. It was, from the very first, quite plain that your associations would ultimately be merged into a syndicate. And it never entered the Government's head to resist your designs or to limit your aspirations. They never gave any indication of excluding you from the benefits of the Act of 1884, a measure which, as someone has put it, the tenacity of a great lawyer drove like a wedge into the tyrannous individualism of the Code Napoleon.

Since then there has been a change of Government. Perhaps the Ministers now in power don't look on you quite so favourably. Anyhow, they are not agreed among themselves regarding you. M. Rouvier would fiercely deny you the right to form a union; while M. Dubief, on the other hand, would allow you to do so on the excellent grounds that no part or parcel of official power is vested in you, in contrast, it is observed, with post-

men, who are entitled to take your name and address!

Never mind! These Ministers too will quit the scene. You will remain. And you will persist, with unflagging energy, in claiming the full and unrestricted concession of your rights. The power to form yourselves into a union is the only thing that can free you from the bureaucratic leading-strings. As you know to your cost, the regulation of primary education is in the hands of the politicians, who can appoint and dismiss the teachers through the prefects.

"What confidence," sadly inquired one of your number, Citoyen Glay, "what confidence can we have in a governing body that confesses quite frankly that it cannot govern?"

Teachers, you take the loftiest view of the prerogatives of syndicalism. You do not merely see in it a means of protecting your professional interests, but a means of bringing about a condition of affairs that will redound to the benefit of the State as a whole.

"Trade unions," you state in your manifesto, "cannot fail to make the functions which they fulfil profitable to the common weal.

"Syndicates must undertake to create the machinery for future autonomous organisations to which the State will entrust the task of carrying on, under their mutual control, the various departments of public service on a progressively socialistic basis."

Animated by such lofty and generous views as these, you claim the right to effective incorporation in the Confédération Générale du Travail—or general Trades Union Confederation.

It is your aim to participate, as members of the Government teaching profession, in the financial resources of Labour. And you are right. For the Labour funds are a necessary weapon in the armoury of the working classes, and it is both right and fitting that all organised workers should have a part in them.

You know already, Citoyens, the opposition your designs will encounter at the hands of the existing order, I should say the existing disorder. "Government employees banded together in a Union!" the conservative organs will exclaim. "Why, that means that the power of the nation is to be split up among huge associations, modelled on the likeness of those guilds against which, in the old days, the power of the monarchy struggled in vain and which needed nothing short of a revolution to bring them to book!"

And now behold our middle-class liberals, our men of 'ninety-nine, out on the war-path against union councils!

For us socialists who hold that the public services ought to be autonomous, and who demand that the working of them should be in the hands of the unions in order to be carried on, entirely in their own way, under the surveillance of the State, we shall be with you to the end in your splendid endeavour.

What part has the State played up till now? The part of a manager.

What part ought it to play? That of a referee.

It is a cardinal principle among those who think as we do that questions affecting the promotion, removal and salary of officials should be thrashed out between their official chiefs and their own

delegates, just as the wages of a factory hand are arranged by discussion between his union and his employer.

And what shoddy pretexts are alleged to deprive you of the right to form a union! They go so far as to say that you might make use of it to go on strike, as if (on the supposition that the right to strike is inherent in the right to form a union) you would not unanimously consider it your duty, in the case of strikes which are growing yearly more frequent and more grave, to do your utmost to care for the children of the workers.

By this policy of yours, fitting in as it does with the policy of the proletariat as a whole, scattered forces will be brought together under the inspiration of a single idea, and soon the old régime of callous and brutal officialdom will be replaced by the new law, the law of gentleness and harmony, the law of fruitful solidarity.

Let us hail the Teachers' Union.

A TELEGRAM

READ AT THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
HELD IN LONDON ON BEHALF OF THE ARMENIANS,
ON THE 23RD FEBRUARY, 1906



I toast the
James Bryce.

BEG you to assure the great English people that we are with them heart and soul in the defence of the Armenians and Macedonians against outrages which, in spite of all treaties, violate every human right.

health of the illustrious and revered

ANATOLE FRANCE.

A SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MEETING IN HONOUR OF
THÉOPHILO BRAGA,
ON THE 24TH FEBRUARY, 1906



LADIES and Gentlemen, this meeting has been brought about by the joint efforts of the Society for Portuguese Studies, the General Students' Association, the Positivist Instruction Society and the Popular Univer-

sities. My most respectful thanks are due to those who have done me the honour of choosing me to preside over these celebrations; to the Positivists, who know that I am not of their number, but who know the esteem in which I hold them, and who know, above all, that one need not be a Positivist to look upon Auguste Comte as the most powerful philosophic thinker of the nineteenth century. My thanks are likewise due to the Students' Association, a body for which I entertain feelings of the liveliest sympathy and most tender affection. All I am afraid of is that the students will find me too young. I beg them to excuse me. They too will one day reach the age when minds, serene in the enjoyment of freedom and tranquillity, encounter their Fountain of Youth. Finally, I must tender my thanks to the Society of Portuguese Studies, who, while celebrating the golden wedding of a scholar and the

Muse, has granted that a faithful servant of the Muse should preside at this august ceremony.

Braga is a poet in a nation of poets. He is also a philosopher, a critic, and a jurist, yet he is never sundered from the Muse, for, in these modern times the Muse's name is *Encyclopædia*.

It has been said that Théophilo Braga is a man for doing big things. He is. As a poet, he sang the story of the human race in an epic of forty thousand lines; as a critic, he wrote the history of Portuguese literature in thirty-two volumes. It is he who founded the so-called School of Coimbre, which aims at bringing about intellectual reform by way of Positivist philosophy. How he has interpreted and developed the teaching of Auguste Comte we shall learn from Émile Corra. I merely wish to emphasise the two characteristics of this remarkable man which have given him such an enormous influence over thoughtful people in his own country. Théophilo Braga is a free-thinker and a republican. Let him from my lips receive the welcome of the republicans and the free-thinkers of France. M. Maxime Formont, and M. Xavier Carvalho, the generous promoter of these celebrations, will tell you how, in Théophilo Braga, the loftiest intellectual faculties are wedded to extraordinary generosity of heart. He it is who familiarised his countrymen with French culture, and caused them to understand and admire it. His love of France was bound up with Diderot, Michelet, Auguste Comte. And now it is our turn to know and to admire, in the person of Théophilo Braga, the great family of Portuguese letters.

But this is not enough. Let us get to know, and let us love the Portuguese, the Brazilian people

to whom Braga, beyond all others, is at this moment a light of intellect and conscience. At all times, no doubt, there has been an interchange of things of the mind among different nations. The various national literatures show clear evidence of mutual influence and interpenetration. The songs of the poets have winged their way through the air and philosophies have made free with frontiers. And, to take an example bearing upon the very subject of this meeting, we find that the poetry of Portugal, in its early stages, was greatly influenced by the singers of Provence and Italy.

But now, seeing how civilisation has progressed, it is not enough that the various countries should exchange the fine flower of their respective languages and the quintessence of their intellectual culture. We must have something more than that, we must bring them to exchange, no less freely than they exchange the products of their soil and manufactures, the ideas they hold on such matters as work and life. The workers of Europe, and of the world at large, must form a mighty union in which they may make known, one to another, in mutual confidence, their forebodings, their aspirations and their plans.

And even as the minds and thoughts of the various peoples work together towards a common end, so should their hearts be moved by feelings of mutual sympathy. Therefore it was that we wished the proletariat to be represented at these intellectual celebrations, and that Auguste Keufer, the secretary of the Booktrades Federation, should address the meeting. The princely rivalries of old days must be replaced by the union of the workers, and there must be created by the people for the people a

mutual love of country. A man's country, the land of his birth ! Let us preserve, respect, and uphold those national organisations which, in the present stage of human evolution, are indispensable to social existence. Let us remember that the disintegration of the free peoples, the decline of the intellectual nations, would soon bring about the establishment over Latin Europe of a barbarous autocracy.

Each country must enter, not dead, but living, into the universal federation. It is by every nation being true to its genius, respecting itself and respecting others, that the dream of the old prophet of Israel will one day be brought to pass : "The Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, 'Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and he will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths. And he shall judge among the nations and rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.'"

And when that day dawns, may it look upon a France that has lost neither her name, nor the memory of what she was, nor her power, nor her genius. May it find her standing erect, her brows girt with a crown of wild olive, armed and clothed in justice and understanding, proud of the work of her hands, and fearful only of being outspeeded by one or other of her sisters in the long and toilsome effort to gain the shining peaks of concord and of peace.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE ENGLISH
TRANSLATIONS OF THE WORKS OF

ANATOLE FRANCE

IN THE LIBRARY EDITION, THE NEW
POPULAR EDITION, AND VARIOUS
ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
VIGO STREET :: :: LONDON, W.1

ANATOLE FRANCE

FOR nearly half a century the name of Anatole France has stood in the estimation of the world for all that is most exquisite and most refined in the French language; he has exerted over the minds of his own and succeeding generations an intellectual influence second to none, and he has enjoyed a prestige comparable only to that of Voltaire. He is a devoted lover of the Muses, and if he professes no philosophy, no creed, it is because he has tried them all and discovered none that will unravel the master-knot of human fate. Nevertheless, in the course of this journey we call Life, this pilgrimage, *thence* and *whither* of which are enveloped in obscurity, we shall find him a highly agreeable companion. He is never dictatorial and never in a hurry. He is, in fact, much given to loitering, and if a by-way tempts him, he will readily leave the high road to explore it. He will tell many a diverting story of saint and sinner, and many of folk who were neither the one nor the other, but a blend of both, like the majority of us. His polished, urbane discourse, rich with the spoils of Time, though always amusing and profitable, is not invariably what pious folk call "edifying." In that respect he resembles Shakespeare, Rabelais and Sterne. He is prodigiously learned, but he will never bore you with a display of erudition. He is too great to be merely clever, too wise to be dogmatic. He is indulgent to all men, save the fanatics. Fanatics he detests, because they are the sworn enemies of Beauty, and in his eyes the only unpardonable sins are the sins against Beauty.

Anatole France sees life steadily, and sees it whole. With the insight of genius he can enter into the state of mind and speak with the tongue appropriate to all his characters, from the highest to the lowest—scholar, politician, priest, soldier, voluptuary, wanton, all the motley *dramatis personæ* that move across the stage of life.

Those who have come under the spell of Anatole France and are conscious of his peculiar charm know instinctively that, when his voice is hushed, such accents will never fall upon their ears again. There will doubtless be born other writers whose work will be no less illumined by grace and beauty, but it will be a different grace, a different beauty. And the reason perhaps is that, in nearly all

ANATOLE FRANCE

his writings, certainly in all those by which he will be chiefly held in memory, he gives utterance not so much to the mere results of some intellectual process, but rather to the dictates of his whole nature, heart and mind indissolubly interwoven, and, if the language he employs is the language of France, his voice is the voice of all humanity.

In an illuminating article recently published in the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. George Saintsbury, the greatest living English authority on French literature, says that to him "M. France has continued to appear as a new embodiment, Avatar, exponent, or anything else you please, of French style—as giving the quintessence thereof." He adds that "almost always he is a Master of the Laugh; and Heaven only knows what Earth would do without Laughter."

Looking back over the progress of Anatole France's popularity with English-speaking readers, it is an interesting fact that from the outset The Bodley Head has stood sponsor to him in this country. His work was known only to comparatively few here till Maurice Baring published his fine survey of it in Volume V of the *Yellow Book* (April, 1895), and it was this same volume which contained a contribution from Anatole France's own pen. Then followed various translations, culminating in the splendid Library Edition issued from The Bodley Head under the editorship first of the late Frederic Chapman and then of James Lewis May. The first volumes of this edition were issued in 1908, and the editors were fortunate in securing the services of an exceptionally brilliant group of translators, who succeeded so remarkably in rendering the spirit as well as the letter of their original that this series gradually established the reputation of Anatole France among English readers.

In 1923, encouraged by the success of the Library Edition, and feeling that there was still a wide public to whom that edition was inaccessible at seven shillings and sixpence, the publisher decided to embark upon a new and cheaper edition, at half a crown in cloth binding and five shillings in leather binding, and during that year several volumes at the lower prices were issued. This new edition has been an unqualified success. It is everywhere spoken of as a real service to the cause of literature, and it is introducing Anatole France's work to thousands of new readers. Its attractive page, binding and appearance are earning it especial praise; and new volumes are being added regularly and will continue till the edition is complete.

On October 12th, 1924, Anatole France passed away in his 81st year. So numerous were the tributes which appeared in the English press that it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the impression

ANATOLE FRANCE

Anatole France's work has made upon the best literary minds of this country, but perhaps the following sentence from an article in the *Evening Standard* is the most apposite summing-up of Anatole France's position: "He was not only the greatest name in French literature in our time, but he was perhaps the greatest name in European literature, for though other authors have been more widely read during the last generation, none has been more admired than he."

The works of Anatole France are a liberal education; not to have read them is to be ignorant of a great figure, not only in modern letters, but in the whole history of literature.

THE LIBRARY EDITION

Edited by the late FREDERIC CHAPMAN, and JAMES LEWIS MAY. Demy 8vo. Uniform Cloth Binding, with End-papers by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. 7s. 6d. net each volume.

THE RED LILY (*Le Lys Rouge*). Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS.

MOTHER OF PEARL (*L'Étui de Nacre*). Translated by FREDERIC CHAPMAN.

THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS (*Le Jardin d'Épicure*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD (*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*). Translated by LUCADIO HEARN.

MY FRIENDS' BOOK (*Le Livre de Mon Ami*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY.

PIERRE NOZIÈRE (*Pierre Nozière*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY.

LITTLE PIERRE (*Le Petit Pierre*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY.

THE BLOOM OF LIFE (*La Vie en Fleur*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY.

The four books bracketed above comprise the "Pierre Nozière" autobiographical group.

THE ELM TREE ON THE MALL (*L'Orme du Mail*). Translated by M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE WICKER-WORK WOMAN (*Le Mannequin d'Osier*). Translated by M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE AMETHYST RING (*L'Anneau d'Améthyste*). Translated by B. DRILLIEN.

MONSIEUR BERGERET IN PARIS (*Monsieur Bergeret à Paris*). Translated by B. DRILLIEN.

The four books bracketed above comprise the "Monsieur Bergeret" group.

- THE WELL OF ST. CLARE (*Le Puits de Ste. Claire*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON.
- THAIS (*Thaïs*). Translated by ROBERT BRUCE DOUGLAS.
- THE OPINIONS OF JÉRÔME COIGNARD (*Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard*). Translated by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON.
- JOCASTA AND THE FAMISHED CAT (*Jocaste : et Le Chat Maigre*). Translated by MRS. FARLEY.
- BALTHASAR (*Balthasar*). Translated by MRS. JOHN LANE.
- THE ASPIRATIONS OF JEAN SERVIEN (*Les Désirs de Jean Servien*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON.
- AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PÉDAUQUE (*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*). Translated by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON. With an Introduction by WILLIAM J. LOCKE.
- THE WHITE STONE (*Sur la Pierre Blanche*). Translated by C. E. ROCHE.
- PENGUIN ISLAND (*L'Ile des Pingouins*). Translated by A. W. EVANS.
- THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROCHE (*Contes de Jacques Tournebroke*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON.
- ON LIFE AND LETTERS (*La Vie Littéraire*). First Series. Translated by A. W. EVANS.
- ON LIFE AND LETTERS. Second Series. Translated by A. W. EVANS.
- ON LIFE AND LETTERS. Third Series. Translated by D. B. STEWART.
- ON LIFE AND LETTERS. Fourth Series. Translated by BERNARD MIALL.
- THE GODS ARE ATHIRST (*Les Dieux ont Soif*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON.
- THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS (*La Révolte des Anges*). Translated by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON.
- CRAINQUEBILLE (*Crainquebille*). Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS.
- THE BRIDE OF CORINTH (*Les Noces Corinthiennes*), AND OTHER POEMS AND PLAYS. Translated by MR. and MRS. WILFRID JACKSON.
- THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD (*Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue*). Translated by D. B. STEWART.
- CLIO AND THE CHÂTEAU DE VAUX-LE-VICOMTE (*Clio : et le Château de Vaux-le-Vicomte*). Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS.

A MUMMER'S TALE (*Histoire Comique*). Translated by C. E. ROOME.

THE LATIN GENIUS (*Le Génie Latin*). Translated by WILFRID JACKSON.

UNDER THE ROSE AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS (*Sous la Rose*). Arranged and annotated by MICHEL CORDAY and translated by J. LEWIS MAY.

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS, AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS. Translated, with a Foreword and Notes, by J. LEWIS MAY.

THE UNRISEN DAWN: Speeches and Addresses. (*Vers les Temps Meilleurs*.) Translated, with an Introduction, by J. LEWIS MAY.

THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC (*La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*). Translated by WINIFRED STEPHENS. With 8 Illustrations. In two volumes. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.

ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS

HONEY BEE (*Abeille*). Translated by MRS. JOHN LANE. With 16 full-page Coloured Illustrations, End-Papers, Title-page, and Cover by FLORENCE LUNDBORG. Foolscap 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY (*La Tragédie Humaine*). Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. With 16 Illustrations by MICHEL SEVIER. Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PÉDAUQUE. Translated by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON. With an Introduction by WILLIAM J. LOCKE, and Illustrations in photogravure and black-and-white by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Medium 8vo. 16s. net.

THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS. Translated by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON. Illustrated in photogravure and black-and-white by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Medium 8vo, uniform with the illustrated edition of "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." 16s. net.

PENGUIN ISLAND. Translated by A. W. EVANS. Illustrated in photogravure and black-and-white by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Medium 8vo, uniform with the illustrated edition of "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." 16s. net.

THAIS. Translated by R. B. DOUGLAS. Illustrated in photogravure and black-and-white by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Medium 8vo, uniform with the illustrated edition of "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." 16s. net.

THE WELL OF ST. CLARE. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. Illustrated in photogravure and black-and-white by FRANK C. PAPÉ. Medium 8vo, uniform with the illustrated edition of "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque." 16s. net.

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by JOHN AUSTEN. Medium 8vo. 16s. net.

LITTLE SEA DOGS AND OTHER STORIES OF CHILD LIFE. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON and J. LEWIS MAY. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by MARCIA LANE FOSTER. Foolscap 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROCHE. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. Illustrated with woodcuts by MARCIA LANE FOSTER. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

MARGUERITE (*Marguérite*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. With 29 original woodcuts by SIMÉON. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

COUNT MORIN, DEPUTY (*Comte Morin, Député*). Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. With woodcuts by HENRI BARTHÉLEMY. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

BOOKS ABOUT ANATOLE FRANCE

published at the Bodley Head in uniform style with the
Library Edition.

ANATOLE FRANCE : The Man and his Work.

By J. LEWIS MAY, editor of the English edition of ANATOLE FRANCE'S Works. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE.

By NICOLAS SÉGUR. Translated, with an Introduction, by J. LEWIS MAY. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

By NICOLAS SÉGUR. Translated, with an Introduction, by J. LEWIS MAY.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND HIS CIRCLE.

Being a record of his conversations with his friends at the Villa Saïd, collected by PAUL GSELL, and illustrated with photographs from paintings of Anatole France and the Villa Saïd by his godson, PIERRE CALMETTES. Translated by FREDERIC LEES. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

MY FRIEND'S BOOK.
PIERRE NOZIERE.
LITTLE PIERRE.
MOTHER OF PEARL.
CRAINQUEBILLE.
THE GARDEN OF EPICURES.
AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PÉDAUQUE
THE ASPIRATIONS OF JEAN SERVIEN.
THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS.
JOCASTA AND THE FAMISHED CAT.
THE WHITE STONE.
BALTHASAR.
ON LIFE AND LETTERS (in four volumes).
THE WELL OF ST. CLARE.
THE ELM TREE ON THE MALL.
THE WICKER-WORK WOMAN.
THE AMETHYST RING.
THE OPINIONS OF JÉRÔME COIGNARD.
THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROCHE.
THAIS.
PENGUIN ISLAND.
A MUMMER'S TALE.
THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD.
THE RED LILY.
THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.
THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.
CLIO AND THE CHÂTEAU DE VAUX-LE-VICOMTE.
THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD.
THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC (in three volumes).
MONSIEUR BERGERET IN PARIS.
THE LATIN GENIUS.
THE BLOOM OF LIFE.
UNDER THE ROSE.
ANATOLE FRANCE AND HIS CIRCLE. By PAUL GSELL.
MARGUERITE, COUNT MORIN, ALFRED DE VIGNY, and
THE PATH OF GLORY (in one volume).

SELECTED STORIES OF ANATOLE FRANCE. Arranged, with
a Foreword, by J. LEWIS MAY. Fcap. 8vo, in "The Week-
End Library." 3s. 6d. net.

ONE CAN BUT TRY: a Comedy in one act. English acting
version by ASHLEY DUKES. Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

THE COMEDY OF THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE.
English acting version by ASHLEY DUKES. Cr. 8vo. 2s. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LIMITED, LONDON, W. 1